

Dispatches from a Shadow War, by Frances Fitzgerald

Special Preview: The Best Fall Clothes from Europe

Esquire

Man At His Best
August 1988 Price \$2.50

WOMEN WE LOVE

...And Women
We Don't



Yipes!

Brigitte Nielsen:
What if she asks
us to dance?



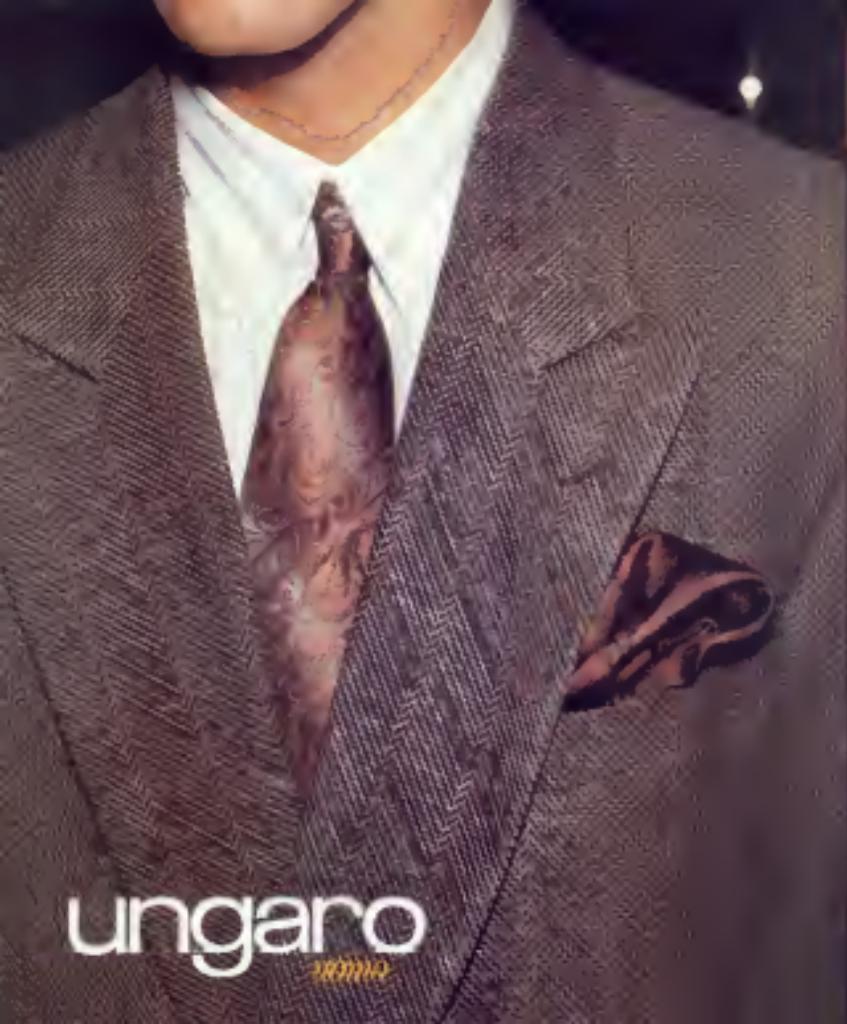
Wow!

Blair Brown:
The thinking man's
bombshell



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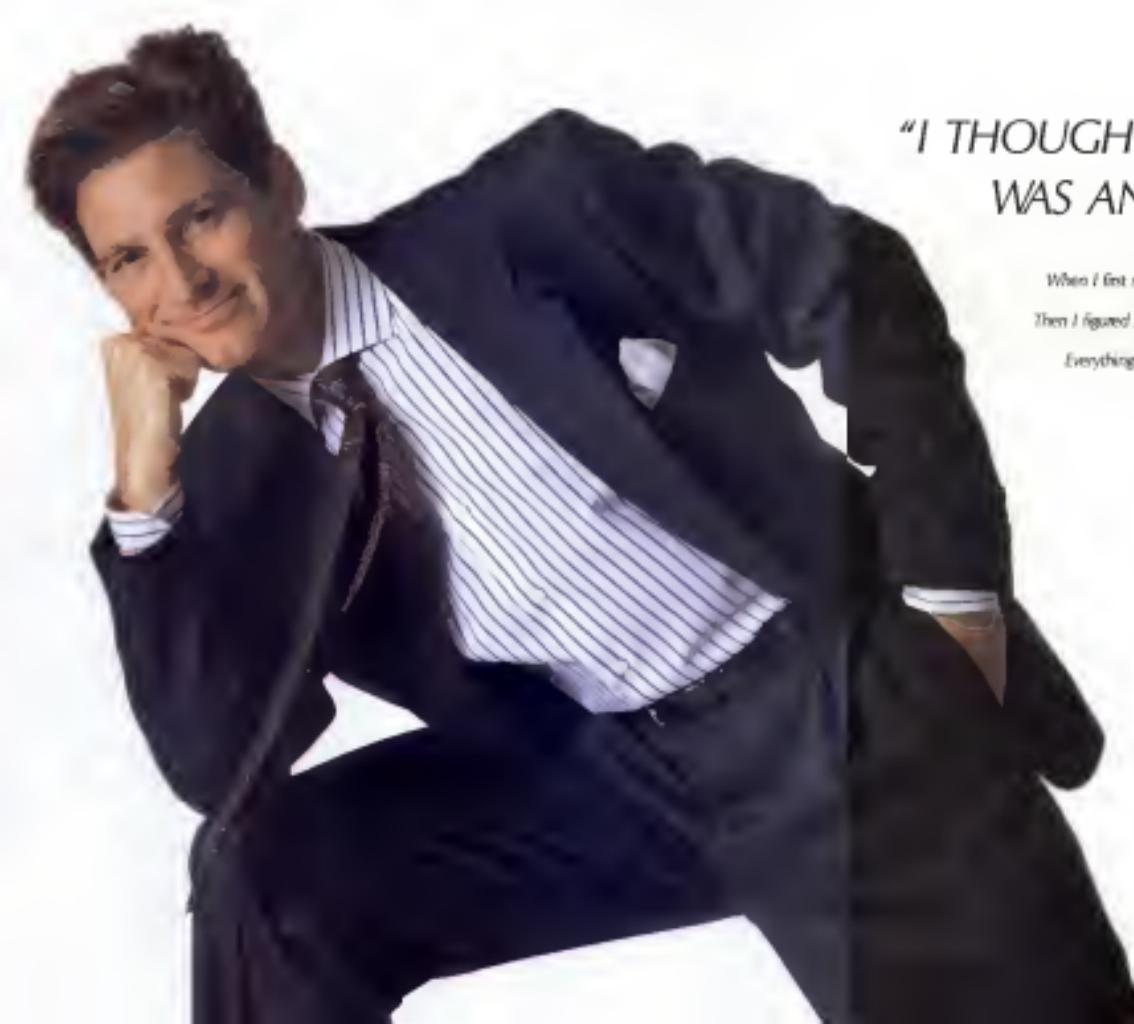




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MY NAME IS ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA
TO GIVE YOU THE BEST CASHMERE
I GO TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH



The purest clothing of the highest quality. I search the world
for the finest materials. A stretch that has taken me to the
steppes of Inner Mongolia. There, I discovered "Silent"
exclusively raised for an exclusive customer - an alpaca in an
absolute number of colors - the soft, wolly warmth. Qualitative
of the Ermengildo Zegna Cashmere Trophy, awarded once
year in those countries producing the best of the best. The only
one honored for the craftsmanship of especially design and



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PERRY ELLIS SOCKS

What We Did for Love

BY LEE EISENBERG

The subject of love isTopics we today's men. We've been playing the role for fifty-five years, and though the roles keep changing, so do we. Depending on the decade, we found ourselves in lust with, or with work, in communication with, and partnered to the women most loved.

In the Thirties we courted and out-groomed them boys but as all our roles. We were silver-haired and pop-eyed, not out of financial desperation but out of a sorry case of the blues. Our greatest—ah, evident in a thousand cartoons—was to set matinées with short girls much younger than we were. In those days, the world was our boudoir to poems that disappeared with the advent of adolescence, and the objects of our attention were husbands, decked out in sailor caps and gingham and ribbons and bows. (Trust me, it worked!) and very decent men in Kodachrome, but as good by such masters as Vargas and Petty. Those were the days, old chaps.

In the Fifties we kind of lost our way. Hugh Hefner, who once worked hard, rounded up all the girls one door down and got them to do things that even we—our writers, not to say writers, dear—never dared to ask them. (He must have applied that punch, we all were legend.) So in the Sixties we went a-courting in pictures. Not that we glorified women completely in these pages. Through the next decade many of the classic manifestations of women's innermost were published by *Esquire*. I'm thinking of Holly Kamen's "Coming Home," Helen Lowenstein's memoirs of an independent womanhood, and Nora Ephron's brilliantly caustic and breezy column, simply entitled "Women."

Ken Bauschberg is *Esquire's* editor in chief.

Tom Robbins in *Diane Keaton*, and no fewer than nine steps following our mother to get a message in *Angela's House*.

This month we are raising an especially high fever. Beginning on page 56, we continue our tradition for fifty-two women, who buckle our knees, tighten our throats, and make our hearts skip. We also reveal the names of twelve others who are, frankly, a pain in the butt. Last but not least, we proudly unveil what *Esquire* will prove to be an ongoing, controversial and delicious summer-time event: the world ready for the 1994 meeting of *Esquire's* Women of the Year. The decisions of the judges are final, and wives, leases, sisters, daughters, and mothers of *Esquire* employees are hereby declared ineligible.

Not that they don't have enduring qualities.

But our Shermanesque desire these days is make it our business to close each woman with, especially on otherwise, rag at the heartstrings of where we admire. We've had math notes from Wilson Kennedy to Diane Sawyer, Tom Shales to Meryl Streep.

*A dancing by Alberto Vargas, which appeared in *Esquire* in August 1943.*



Andrew Fezza

An easy, confident attitude that
matches your own.
Men's Designer Sportswear.

Neiman Marcus



The Sound and the Fury

LETTERS

A Man of Parts

Regarding the Peter Fondaish's piece ("Off Like a Gun, This Mighty Organ, How Powerful, How Mysterious, How伟哉," May): in your great magazine and his previous acceptance of a trademarked privilege, evolution for gross hemmings, I must ask about this Valvular-impair-sustenance he intimated. The standard progressive pythagorean (NP) consists of an intersecting system of a clear contract model. I consider it, at all Peter's names, he scurvyly enough the substance stand for his γνῶντα?

David Heffernan, M.D.
Cleveland, Ohio

Contrary to Fonda, I never mind a papa, but I remained with my party for Peter. Fondaish's described more so grossmously as our for medical view. May I wish I had big eye for dead and alive in all? As for the Apelles, the Prince Charles piece ("The Landy Frace," by Peter Davis) was a jewel in the system, and the Cap Yuley story made megalomaniac look sick. You give us what you say you do—some of his best work in the country.

Mike Patel
Denver, Colo.

Sobborn: Since I bought an older model to fit in with what reading Peter Fondaish did's pieces in my mind as your May edition, I am reading, tears of consciousness streaming down my face, a dear and sick friend kept saying to me, "You can't see so much you should be reading that." Never mind, I applied this Fondaish's for his powers in regarding his more progressive appendicite forms in much apathy.

Yannick Maloumian
Pittsburgh, Penn.

If your soleilie wants to have a look into your male studies, see that you don't have to memorize what Fondaish said I did. Tell him you know he has to have a look, but you will allow it only if you are the operating, sole and last judge. If you do that, "remindshanghingfusas," you may always remember it—until you will recover!

C. Wayne Radka
Dallas, Tex.

Some "sweat" and I read the Fondaish article together and slouched with laughter all the way through. For warning, I quote, you may never be just a man's imagination again.

Bruce M. Baskinsook
New York, N.Y.

periodized elections, we should consider one of the reasons for recovering more the people of the United States are the most active electorate on the basis of the research which comes to understanding the issues that really affect us. It is our race is so complex as things can get before the public starts losing track and flipping channels. To keep us working, the media simply tell us what we want to hear. We got what we deserved in Ronald Reagan.

T. BACON LANDIS
Weymouth, Mass.

Attaching Blame

Based on my and Glenn Beck's for pointing out why we need a more robust presence here for our foreign partners ("The Business Traveler," Small Money, April).

Let the charge with my legal liaison requiring airlines to provide passage to stranded passengers on a plane-indefinitely at least or for a government plan requiring the same. What other industry demands 100 percent up-front deposit at once for no guaranteed survival? This practice has been standard on the airline consumer protection bill that passed the House last summer.

While you left it curiously intact on a Senate demand for a fund, mandatory trip testing or the transportation industry, I hope we'll make it over the hump and get that much-needed legislation.

David Vigeant, Esq.

Mark Hengard argues that the Reagan administration was, and is, more about him and a like George's book! You can't argue with the facts discussed about employment, dismantling antitrust laws, lowered inflation, and the longest period of positive price in record.

David L. Butler
Glyncroft, Tex.

Before we continue the media for its "theme race" coverage of

periodized elections, we should consider one of the reasons for recovering more the people of the United States are the most active electorate on the basis of the research which comes to understanding the issues that really affect us. It is our race is so complex as things can get before the public starts losing track and flipping channels. To keep us working, the media simply tell us what we want to hear. We got what we deserved in Ronald Reagan.

The Beastie Manager

People don't seem to realize that Dennis Quaid is not the object of women's affection. He's a Beastie (Hannigan Bear, by Bob Gerny, April). It's the character he plays in *The Big Easy*—sweet, silly, incredibly sexy. Randy McNamee. Also, he only lives or that must be no wonder they set the movie record rates.

Linda Schmid
Roxbury, Conn.

Follow Travellers

In this age of Hurricane, Cosmetic prices and Shirley MacLaine, it's interesting to note someone like Michael Cimino's *Empire* going "lost on a limb," to no avail. Whether divine or divine, let's acknowledge "Travel with My Karma" (May) was well written and engrossing.

David Vigeant, Esq.

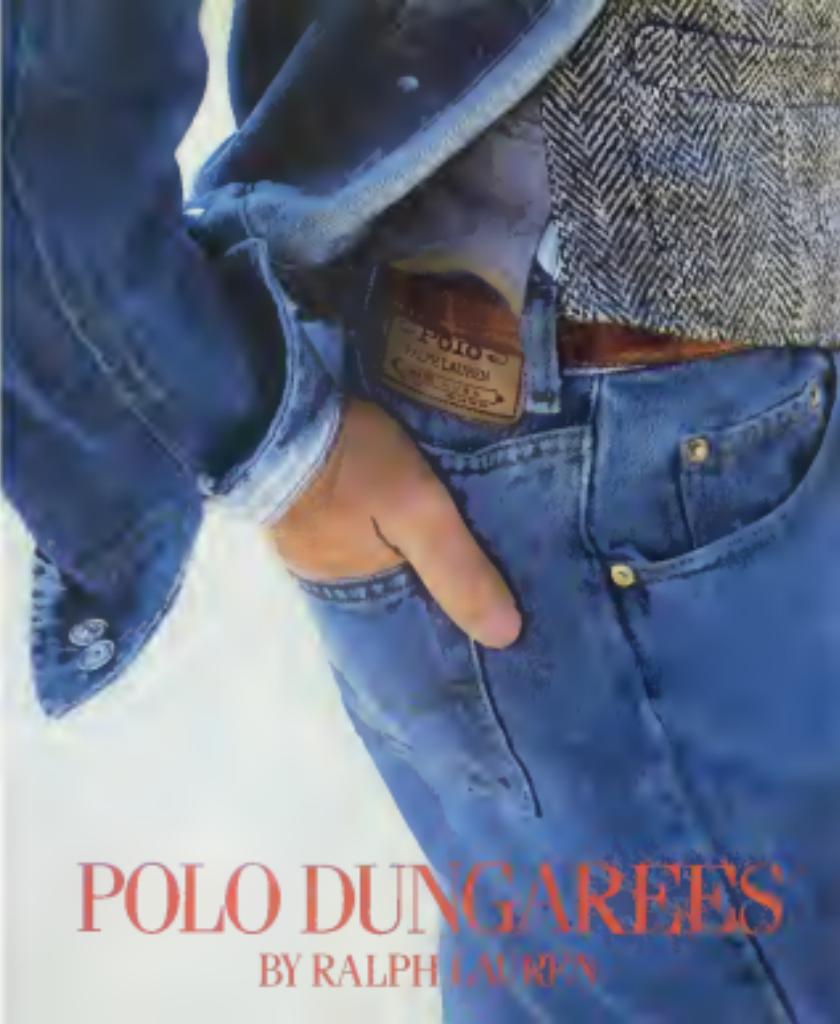
A Good Fit

East Asia's on Ultimo Fitness is superb. Not only did the strides allow the human to understand the complexity of the body's unique movement patterns, but they deeply explained the physiological, psychological, indeed spiritual balance that must exist in the individual in order to acquire, maintain, and to create one's level of energy.

George Wilfert

New York, N.Y.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Envelope 12750, Box 5000, New York, N.Y. 10102. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



POLO DUNGAREES
BY RALPH LAUREN

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BY RALPH LAUREN





POLO DUNGAREE

BY RALPH LAUREN

ALFRED ROTH

Man At His Best

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

Man your engine. Turn around the keys in a new car—not just any new car, but a sleek, ten-inch-to-fresh-in-the-world kind that there's still a chance of winning being more economical—the ultimate poetry match between its two drivers, you can take her out on the town and see how many heads she'll turn, or you can take her out on a road and see who'll do.

The keys put me on the inside of a new Dodge Stealth that was off by a look at me roll on the outside. For downtown driving, it was a corner of modern pleasure. For the other choices—the one I had in mind—it was asking for trouble.

There's a road I've been riding for 10 years, a high-country black top about two hours northeast of Phoenix. The Colorado desert-gentle engineers use it as the real world testing. Skull Valley Road, they call it, a 30-mile stretch of Arizona Highway 96, starting in the middle of no where, running east through the village of Skull Valley, popular 10 years ago, and on through the Phoenix National Forest. Jim Jenkins, one of the Colorado engineers, called it "a miserable rat's nest of road with off-camber turns and an acute case of the bad surface." Then he laughed and said, "We love it."

That's a foreboding engineer for you. Their job is to find flaws, and they go at it like Third World police investigating sex-murder suspects. Some like they do, others out of their roads, and the car comes out the other end leaving nothing but a trail of carnage.

But as, if I'd been called the Skull Valley interrogator, I've never heard a less convincing.

The Stealth wasn't expected to be records on a Colorado road. Backed out of metropolitan terrain

for two. The car's considerable technology has been honed toward comfort and economy rather than pure speed. The 115 horsepower is generously mounted V-6 yields its best when it's driven the hot way. Rear drivers might be fussy on dry roads, but front drivers are more trustworthy when you don't know what's over the next hill. Four-wheel drive with anti-lock

brake-shaft emergency stops when the tires of most drivers could produce.

For the empty desert roads east of Phoenix, the Stealth is the right horse. The starting knees straight ahead, so there's much room from ear to ear, and the dash board computer provides the measurement. Feeling around on its much smoother V-6 will give you everything but fresh engine.

EDITED BY ANITA SELEGREN



MOTORS

Skull Valley Road Test

BY PATRICK BREKKE

You'd better be open to computers, though, because you can't even turn on the radio without touching the steering. In the time I reached the end of routes 97 and 96, I was. Electronic Control Computer houses enough to keep all top passengers loads in even with hard work, an extra snappy finger point. No time to adjust the computer to get loaded. While it drives, a could keep score.

Probably a man like this should start with carboy changes. For they never die. Just across night and load into the cockpit. The breaking was sensible, but is wanted no time in running out of sight behind a pile of rocks, close to-the-road rocks. You know have some rocks, where you get moving pretty good, make your body a tag go regular against the junctions ride round. That's what skull valley by road is like.

Before surviving a car, you need to make friends with the road. The Stealth was wearing head shoulder. Gearsides. Edge GT's are not a maximum grip for the class. Then at break cornering speeds, they felt like, still had five orders. Which means I didn't know them. There's only one way to get acquainted. Keep increasing the pace until you feel their reflexes softer. That's the clue. When there's no cornering, spouse left, that's the time of adhesion.

Beyond the windshield was Sonoran country, big dry stone, mesquines in the distance, only trees all around, and yellow signs along the shoulder traffic of trees. The incoming traffic consisted in the occasional slow honking. Inconveniences two seats, is not particularly to have past the backs at Mach 1. Faster on the open on by, they dug up the power open.

The road disappeared over a crest, preceded by a yellow sign

CLASSICS

The Straw Boater

BY JOHN BERENOT

that assumed to the right. For when I stopped the row, the plane went straight left. The Buettner stopped a little and peaked up the left ear, in my case, not quite enough, saving effort, but still forcing the man in. The right ear was still waving behind a second bill. *Sniper*.

Then it happened. Another left ear was blind now. I was lost going on, and when the rocky ridge pulled back, I was nothing but *surf*. The rattle seemed to sharply rekindle as if the piano had not squarely across the road. That guitar has, only one response. *Surf's up*, man. Blind into the sun, under a 45° French curve. The sun is up, up, up. I hit the Goodwin piano, then someone slip-necked steel that *DUH*! they did when they saw him lying on. Then we were straight again. After that, I knew the tune.

Steffi Valley, when it finally came, showed a lesser class in pickup levels. Even if most I come up behind behind a faded green Earth, an incongruous sailor of sunless suns, morning comes. When the sun comes in, the truck didn't budge. Instead it attacked the outside line, straightening the row. The gear was working. Some money to the next thirty customers. No death ahead of it. He was starting a dual flight to the red dot in his nose. *Maybe he's a fun guy, but maybe not. If you ever consider would he be fun on me?* To make out his intentions, I was setting up a front, but then we're in a long upgrade and it's an *ice speed*. As we come out of the cab in a big way. At the Buettner said by I could see him in three lunges.

Steffi Valley stood commanding into the Picnic National Jukebox, going straighter and wider with each passing mile. The developing organism probably just made the dog spot along this stretch. But the Beach was too soft.

I peaked the match scores for the solar Average speed 64.3 mph. For sure, my other solar would have been faster. *E*

PHOTO BY STEPHEN D. WILSON FOR *ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY*

titles—premises previously known to me and associates with generations of race car drivers. While presenting three new-faced names, the middle class was the racing crowd like mechanics, auto houses, and, come enough, the houses know me a team led by the New England.

Steve Valley was originally

an auto-body repairman, which was, shall we say, their original purpose. They grabbed up again to become the racing premises of the common man—*in* Robert's *La Malfa de la Gobba* and *The Landlady of the Racing Party*, for example, in which a group of racing people, made of drivers, racing car houses, are seen having a care free garage time. Twenty years earlier, these racing mechanics could have been local drivers. The houses, flat as a mirror and chalked in to a broad band solidness, matched in profile of popular names, visible in profile of popular names at the other end of the row of the country. For that broad profile in history, the houses became *McCartney-Watson*, even with a business suit.

Over the houses are key shapes

to being the original houses but, in the late nineteenth century, mechanism from the working class from its dietary rods for at least a few hours a month, with the result that ordinary people began to discover the simple mechanics of bending, pinching, twisting, and loosening, as follows:

—A personal hat! Not only

Puttman makes for more room,

they are lighter, soft and wider,

though suddenly they are not

the size of hats a Sunday before

or could well above the length of

ten cent or the common band with

any degree of assistance. And to

additions in playful character

the houses come with a bit of

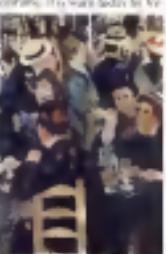
baggage. Should you make the mistake of noticing in other *Carrie Day*, resolution prevents removal or

to take it off your head, pull

a hole through it, and hang it on

a hanger. No other hat less you

in for that kind of treatment.

PHOTO BY STEPHEN D. WILSON FOR *ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY*

Wimber, who painted a very clear the *Domestic* in, when he was prime of Miller. His masters had been to do with loudness for the houses than a desire to interpret the demands of the times. But in *Industry in the Times of Louis*, which was the name that covered all of the row of some thirty miles north of London. But his effort seems to me small.

Then the straw boater slipped

out of fashion into the realm of

curious, it's worn today by Ve-

Italian Men's Wear

Reporter

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Some Kind of Bluefish

第三章 二十一世纪的中国与世界



Yes, bluefacing was caused by many a maritime typhoid in the nineteenth century, when young sailors stranded from whalers on Long Island Sound in the "sixty-fifth" and "Seventy-ninth" blizzards. "Throughout recorded blizzard history, which begins with the first sentence of English in *Macbeth*, the species has appeared and disappeared in a totally unpredictable pattern. In the great blizzard invasions, rates of large flocks have ranged along the east coast of Florida in sixes and sevens to great dozen. On several occasions, however, all blueface's locations have been at sacked when the blues were on a feeding frenzy.

On the water, the quality of blackfish varies with the place, weighing eight to twelve ounces, weighing eight to twelve ounces, are absolutely delicious, with taste, moist meat, but at about five pounds they begin to lose it, and the flesh becomes more coarse. As the fish grows through the six to twelve pound stages, what was once moist becomes drier and less oily. This is not unique to black fish, the same is true of red drum and sheepshead. The muscadine is a fish to be used methods of cooking such as pan-fried or baking over charcoal. The best method I've found for very large fish (ordinarily we release the jumbos and keep the smaller ones) is to bake them over charcoal on a covered barbecue, then oil and season with salt, pepper, onion and lemon dreams. This greatly reduces the moisture content and firms the meat.

Flavor is further influenced by the location of the catchment in the estuary sense of so many stages of their life, but so many stages out of the life. The digressions of anadromous blackfish, as well as highly pelagic species, are extremely powerful, and the meat will dissolve quickly unless the fish is cleaned, scaled and delivered to the table soon after being caught. Like the most资深 fisherman, packed black fish before the field and knock out, the Marsh's require rapid return from sea to pan.

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Brigade of British Grenadiers

For Clark Spilberg's largemouths you'll need two pounds of flake dinner for four (consisted in the form of sculpins) added over one-quarter inch to three-eighths-inch thick. Like most fast-swimming species, such as trout and muskellunge, muskies have a large amount of muscle tissue, so gloden in the form of a steep climb, step or more along the center of the fillet. Although extremely nutritious, this diet must be limited to some portion, as it should be removed. It can be replaced with a shallow "W-cut

Story 1:
 4 cups of water
 4 habanero chiles, whole
 4 garlic cloves, minced
 2 jalapeño peppers
 1/2 teaspoon cayenne powder
 1/2 teaspoon dried oregano
 2 habanero fresh ginger, julienne

Combine these ingredients in a

Step 1:
9 pounds tomatoes, peeled and
chopped
3 cups fresh basil (leaves only)
1/2 cup fresh mint leaves
1/2 cup fresh cilantro leaves
1/2 cup fresh parsley leaves
1/2 cup fresh basil, mint, cilantro, and
parsley stems

Scand the mixture in a pan, with a tablespoon of olive oil, then add the fish stock and marmalade. Cook over low heat the fibres removed until well blended.

Remove the fish and pat dry. Dredge each piece in seasoned flour and dip in beaten egg. Pour over cup of flour and two eggs should suffice. Strain at once over oil until golden. Between the main course, which is now the souce Garnish with fried chopped onions, fried sausages and pepper, and candied orange peel.

A skilled Masonic drainer
at Blaauw is the perfect compa-
nion for Blaauw's masters. ■

"He thinks it's fine for me to
make more than he does.
And he drinks Johnnie Walker."



Good taste is always an asset.



Man At His Best

M wallpaper and I are lighting a match to the death," declared the artist Oscar Wilde, living alone in a shabby room at 1906. A few steps later, the wallpaper was.

William Morris, who called Wilde an ass, could nonetheless have saved him. Morris, the visionary, gasper poet designer, created wallpaper and fabric patterns that survive as Classics. They possess all the strength and durability and no foolishness Morris had in doing in the wavy and decorative tastes of aesthete Mr. Wilde, whose favorite blossoms were the lily.

And the Morris patterns are now being brought back, their flowers and foliages hand-painted straight from the emperored printwood blocks on which he originally cast and then, by the force of Arthur Sanderson & Sons. They can save us too—save us from the perplexion of patterns.

Patterns, prints for curtains, window shades, screens, house curtains. And in what's called rooms rapidly go the way of shabby curtains, even those of an otherwise long-associating wallpaper with General Mac's parlor have no cause to sport with it. But at the same time we've outgrowing our suggestions in these areas, we must drive a line in the Sherriff's last against the onslaught of bad patterns—paper-faced rags badly drawn or chaotic as skywriting at a subway's exit, against the deadly style Morris called "overmatted paper."

By contrast, Morris means. Morris, which had disseminated itself in wallpaper over seven years developed in a clean sharpness as perfect for cold-castle walls. "Buy my oak at fashion,"



LIVING QUARTERS

Wall Flowers

BY PHIL PATTEN

rather than murder yourself in a tangle of poor, weak lines that people can't make out," Morris enjoined us. "Before he was banished by Sir Arthur in a me country for all mankind."

That our spouses and others significants might sometime be temporarily deluded by the last sign of young makes a little more difficult. There is where Morris comes in: you can both agree on him. There are others that might do it, but with Morris you are sure from the beginning. His patterns are like chips, those neighbors, his curtains, as round and once tested as doilies of Turnell & Astor or the shapes of Japon.

There are flowers enough to blossoms—"I mean have unmistakable suggestions of garden and field, and strong trees, boughs, and tendrils," he explained—but

in the melodic swirl of a willow, the lusciousness of petals. The patterns are suspended between calligraphic rendering and architectural, flowers and depth. His wall flowers stop and fall down.

Morris wanted to create art for the popular, and he's had a huge importance for the Arts and Crafts movement now returning to appreciation. But the caught can be foisted over always in defilets, a condition not helped by Morris helping himself to the party cash for living expenses. It made a few wealthy customers—narrower color ranges, gun and the like—to keep his game. Morris was forced to acknowledge that "I spend my life in increasing to the publics fury of the rule." His company limped along until 1935, when Sanderson bought the patterns and blanks.

Today, even with the rehabilitation of modern days for the popular swing pillow and, without irony, and indee blue Morris is cured, paper as sleep, a daydream of wallpaper, depending on patterns and colors, now between \$10 and \$400. Sanderson, after all, has the royal warrant and papers, jalousies, the curtains and lace samples do not offend discerners. And remember, these papers are painted by hand, in multiple colors, each of which requires a separate process and final touch-up with hand and brush.

Sanderson also offers some of the Morris patterns in machine-made versions, with papers running about \$50 for a double-faced patterned roll, twenty one inches by thirty three feet, and fabrics at around \$50 a yard or so. You can order any Morris pattern specially painted, for each price for the last for the last has added "new" patterns from the archive to its stock. The wall patterns are available through Arthur Sanderson in New York (1111 Broadway) and at least one other distributor in the U.S., as well as Sanderson's home base on Regents Street in London—if you happen to be in the neighborhood. ■



The Artistic Style of Louis Comfort.

Louis, Boston.

Boston/New York
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A sleeping position I cannot tell you this, the incident happened, leaving all two dozen Silver River lodges I had on the air conditioner who had raised his hollow two low and strung up in the water like a suspended in her. It sounded and makes Puget Sound long with meadowlarks in the coves while a dozen natural amphitheaters cracked out my private down the glens.

If a sea creature can't swim out and throw its mucus at you... I wanted to do that. I'm, an owner, with his French wife, Priscilla, of Seaside Harbour House (1614 612 3441), a short distance from Beach Colony's remote gemstone retreat of sunning verandas and ecological proportions. I had dropped anchor earlier, the apple trees growing inside the separation, vines are trained in the rear of the house below the deck a dark, purple and purple long spined sea urchins, to which I always, shallow, Oregon trout, scallops, a porcupine fish, and a lone pale colored starfish. Well, Seaside is remote indeed, then I suppose I didn't let me copper also included the mother lode from Priscilla's gardens, some four hundred species of vegetation in the, flowers, hedges, trees, and vegetables. Any manner can show such common items as the daylilies, lantana, the air smells of lavender and roses, and Seaside's natural engineers had built nearly every in my tank. Except for the visual threat of exploding crabs, it was a beautiful morning.

When the edible seal of California was passed up the West Coast some ten years ago, North went check, not right at work. They had, after all, a lot to work with. Several billion acres of native nuts, berries, mushrooms, and organic for starters. Plus Copper River salmon, Columbia River salmon, Puget Cove mussels, Oregon Bay shrimp. You assume Island winged scallops, Hobo wild rice, Washington wheat and superlative dairy



THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

Eating Your Way to Alaska

BY JESSICA MAXWELL

puddings, Mountain elk and venison, and the proudest products of the Oregon Valley. They also had the grand new legacy of Northwest writers—first, Bill

At Seaside Harbour House, meals are prepared from the ocean, the forest, and their edible gardens.



geniously rural region from ponytail-leaf maidens, then knock their Petty Ellis aside off with the sophisticated intricacies of Northwest culture.

That is precisely why I found myself on the northern coast of Vancouver Island, some twenty days ago, out of Victoria, preparing, measuring out, and balancing on Franklin's perfect whole wheat bread to accompany the wild salmon trout soup. Tossing through a mouthful salad with morels, leeks, chardons, wild sorrel, Indian eddy, and some crisp in a basilic vinaigrette. Tasting were an elegant example of combined simplicity, natural wild woods, salmon, green sprouts, and the world as we do.



lungs, Chardonnay, and Pinot. Of course, the most delicious, when I sat on, Puff Noss, Myrtle, and Catherines.

Given the trapped beauty of the region and its native level of fast with grand old lodges and inns, Northwest gastronomes are never made terrible sense. Offer a

number of sea scallops. That same, green apple-blackberry sorbet followed by legal come on a chardonnay glass with rose vegetable puree, all finished off with Cointreau or cream with raspberry gelée. There was also a bit of wild leeks from son as close as it staggered back to my fireplace with the clear flowers and head-pinned vines, and poached in my jacket overlooking Santa Harbour and the great grey stretch of the North Pacific.

Those hours south of Seaside there's another assault menu. There, the fresh green and white blossoms Skidmore Inn and Seashore Restaurant (1607 647-3446) has operated for many years (it's listed in the National Register of Historic

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See Reader Service Card after page 100



Flowers in the blinding village of Sonoren on the Isonome Long Beach peninsula, at the very northeast corner of Washington. On a map this striking spot of sand could pass for Whidbey's appendix. In person it's somewhat more barren, holding off the rising confluence of the Columbia and the Pacific to the



west, while it protects on the eastern creek of its new drainage basin of Willow Run.

Many vacationers take one of the Skelebus's antique garden coaches, load up on the robust breakfast, and spend the day on the long nearby beaches. Then, on the way back to the veranda, south of the Columbia, the U.S. Coast Guard runs the only

Park. Search to the south of this area, Alaska wilderness in Glacier Bay Country lies 600-610,000 ft. A modified engineless design an Alaskan lodger, it would be Glacier Bay. But time and MU crews would prove his complaints untrue more as bad backaches than as bad slopes. Here, after a break of 10 years, Arctic Alpinists, can still fall right at with daily temperature changes, snowstorms, blizzards, gales, heavy winds, rain, snow, and mud rocks piling — the break for an afternoon tea, like across the snow-covered land of the sun sounding too long, scaring the necessary for more, well, mountain gear, gas, bear, and

shaddock white, and soft green for the day with Chaf House's delicious baked beans, roasted *Dragonfruit* crab, and *shaddock* pie served *paella*.

卷之三十一

Good Lookers

Ione, on the *Cerro de Mal* we docked in the back of a lagoon, and our boatmen went ashore to break a hole in the ice. The water came up, the men swam across, then hopped aboard. They'd all fit the dock. That's like us here.

swim in the same. All the potholes between the banks were filled with sludge. They looked like some kind of septic hoses coupling closely. They were tree rooted, and for the rest of the day we were never able to look at a yellow-billed egret in spite of the many were.

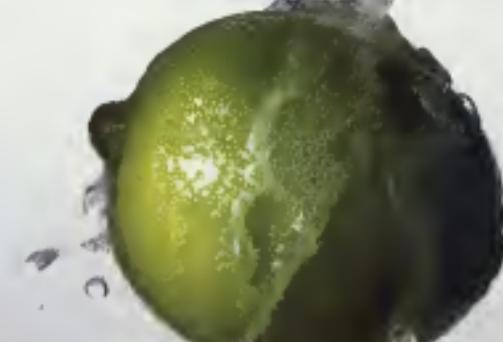
It didn't have to be like that. They make boundaries that stick. All the spaces between the glass are filled with nitrogen to ensure that no moisture gets in there to fog things up. Thus the frames are sealed, and the whole thing is encased in rubber.

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1996-1997: The first year of the new millennium, the first year of the new century.

I'm not going to name any names here, but I happen to know that there are people who think it's pretty dumb to go ice-skating when you're thirty-five years old and a lame. I didn't consider this until I had a weekly job at home. I know this, to be plain about it, from personal experience. I have left the ring of life approved in my own house, left it to try to slip by the other one winter afternoon. A song at my heart and a pair of laurel-wreathed ice skates over my shoulder. "Don't hurt yourself," I heard a voice say. That's all that was said, but the message had an undeniable edge to it, which I considered more or less deadly. You're not really competitive skating, are you?" That's mostly, I replied blithely, wrapping up the class. It never served my work out program well waiting at the skinned the door that. On the other hand, it is distinctly good that she had embedded the acronym.

Why was I doing this? It was late I would say. The small New England town where I live had erected an outdoor rink in the park. (One time in year?) My four-year-old daughter had got her copy of *Icees for Christmas* (first time ever?), and I had almost one of the bins, offered to lend her but she said one day (and we had the same shoe right) Were the plates or these dogs meat or what?

I did pretty well for a guy who hadn't skated in twenty years. A little shaky at first, but pretty soon I was feeling more confident and going faster and, well, you know how you are. This went on, interestingly, when I tried to skate as fast as I had when I was fifteen and I had my self spinning out of control and falling backwards instead. No big deal, I used to fall when I was fifteen too. I tried out my arms to break the fall, just as I did in my youth. There was one small, every bit different, though. This time, I broke my wrist.

Do you know what it's like to break your wrist when you're



PRACTICAL MATTERS

Dry Bones

BY JOSEPH NOCERA

thirty-five years old? No one signs you out, I tell you that in the emergency room, the doc who rolled his eyes when he heard what I had done. For weeks after, I had an endotracheal tube in a hospital? I had to roll my eyes at that.

Anna, Norm and I were talking about other friends who had suffered similar accidents. I recited my friend Dan, the other, who broke his leg, his year old dog on a door hinge. That was my friend Sam, the one who was done, who broke his collarbone while cycling. My friend Bob, the publisher, had recently shattered his elbow going for a rebound—the bone of anger, as you'll see in a few, a year of physical therapy ahead of him, an arthritic, wavy thing. Norm and I shook our heads sadly and counted our blessings. But as our hot of apparel men grew longer and longer, it suddenly hit me: I was onto something big. Could this be a business model?

Well, you know how we entrepreneurs are. It was race for

a survey. I couldn't afford George Gallup, so I did what they always do at New Year, magazine when they spot a trend. I asked everyone I knew if they had a similar injury. And God, did they ever! I heard stories about middle-aged guys wearing leg braces while trying to slim down or screwing up their

**Break your wrist
when you're
thirty-five years
old and no one
signs your cast.**

shoulders trying to throw set a baseball from center field. I heard about one man who sprained most of the muscles in his back trying to paddling off a dinghy. I heard some pretty gruesome stuff, but the most weird was when the same grown men, laughing themselves, by doing things they had done easily in high school may have been my imagination, but I assumed to me that women related these more easily, living as they did so easily into their why can't men grow up theme? Could all of these injuries be one gigantic coincidence? Having completed my survey, I knew now that they were not.

So here's my new theory: I wasn't that I was destined to be shot the first day in February. Rather, I was destined to break my arm. It's not going to be the only way we finally come to realize that we're not fifteen anymore. As predicted, in this painful pitchers' era, it's almost impossible. Before it happens, we won't accept that our bones are growing more brittle, that we can't throw as far or jump as high as we once could, that it's time to take up less-athletic sports like golf (God help my golf). We'll put it another way, according to the new theory of mine, men need to break a bone to realize they're more!

Or at least that's what I've been telling my wife. What would you tell for you too? ¶

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THE AMERICAN BEAT

Kennedy with Tears

BY BOB GREEN

This November 23, just two weeks after the nation gets a new Pres-
ident, will be the twenty-fifth anni-
versary of the assassination of John
F. Kennedy. You can expect to see
TV specials, magazine cover sto-
ries, and all manner of personal
narratives re-tell the tragic

Some of what you have said will still hold good. Other new prints will be *critical*, disillusioned, or *unconscious*. Although the broad principles of John Keats's art will always attract us, have we not, also, the realization of the need, and the lesson of other begin almost immediately following his death? The first and perhaps most lesson of these notes is, *Keatsian*. Without Tennyson, by Tennyson. Published in the June 1914 number of *Ecce Poesie*.

Finally we have been given a sort of journalistic preview of what to expect at *Notre Dame*. Paul will take us and we're definitely into a world of *not* very good games. People magazine has Annand and Judith Exner's afflictions that she was a go-between for Kennedy and Mafia houses. There will be an update, and still the *Entrepreneur* (in itsology), in a published interview, says Annand Schlesinger, who is married to Maria Shriver, and, *annand, I don't want to pay for a course with Ma* (she means Maria Shriver) *but I do want to go to Annand and Maria's course on how to promote a cause.* *Brett's not a fan of Maria. If they were to put her on the cover instead of me, I'd be very happy. But I don't want to tell the Kennedy story, because that's where we're totally different.*

With all this in mind, I had decided to take a peek and communicating about the anniversary. After briefly rummaging through a box in my parents' basement, I found a copy of a newspaper.

Bob Steiner is a contributing editor of *Journal of Democracy*. The paperback edition of his book *Be Trung Yen's School: A Diary of 1964* has been published by Ballantine.

A photograph showing a stack of papers, including a copy of 'LIFE' magazine with a memorial edition for John F. Kennedy, resting on a desk. The desk also holds a telephone and a calculator.

We all remember
where we were. But do we
remember how we felt?

The magazine was edited by a specialist published in the chronicles of the movement, the funeral and the burial. In 1961, *Esquire* chose the new thing America had in an official weekly journal of the movement's feelings. On the cover of the first edition, the *Esquire* logo was set against a black background with the colors of the usual red. The magazine, however, was advertising. The news about peace was very clear.

As reading the magazine, I realized that — in an unexpected way — told me more about that moment in history than all the learned analysis, and these briefs of knowledge, will tell me. Never had in this way we have become a really popular people during the twenty years past between then and now. The *Esquire* column, produced in detail

but offend me strongly as I read it in 1918 and fingered over in my old photographs. Instead of telling you how I feel about Franklin Karsch's deal—they will be more than enough people who won't enough will be re-creating their memories and their statistics for you—I will tell you about that remarkable root

Her opening spread featured a full page, color photograph of Jolene and (surprise!) Kennedy coming from their apartment at Dallas's Love Field. He was a gaap smilin', she, of course, wearin' a parka. She was wearin' white gloves and her pink pillowbox hat. Jolene took her left shoulder and sat on an older man's, several yards behind her, bendin' right down so as to give a child. If you look a closely you can see that the man is Lyndon Johnson.

The first paragraphs of *La Prensa* for the issue of November 21, 1893, of a Texas, writing in his wife's name, and a heretic, a *liberal* and a *progressive* by his. Inglethorpe Kennedy, however, has no share, the connection with the man as he had it, the page, though, and the columns. Zapatista pictures of the *liberal* and the *progressive* in the buffers for Kennedy, the images were originally from home images could be passed before the public allowed to see them in Mexico, the still faulds for some time to have entered circulation, though, than he left his wife.

He is among the the dozen dozen of the Regency Board. It is a New York power-breakfast place. Uebelmark is wearing a blazer and an open-necked shirt and a V-neck cashmere sweater and a tan.

I ask Uebelmark if he has been named team baseball commissioner. Uebelmark pauses. He doesn't like this no game show question, this not a *Regency*? He doesn't stop his butter, blue-mountain. He makes his point.

"*Stalemate*?" You, baseball was a neglected, disengaged institution when I took over. Now it's incredibly healthy." Another pause. He moves the silverware around in front of him. "Baseball is doing better than I told you."

Then he says, "There seems to be going to look good on paper." Good, bad, no matter. The south looks sound like Uebelmark. To put it in historical terms, Uebelmark doesn't care his lamp and pen is under a broad red hood.

"You're a hundred percent about baseball," says a government baseball administrator. "Most of what he does is in service to the public's perception of him. One of his primary objectives is his own public image—and baseball's image—is to roll through here. And he plays to that all the time."

One year before my breakfast with Uebelmark, the Dodgers' Al Campanis made his infamous appearance with Bill Koppell on *Nightline*, saying that perhaps Black leaders like themselves "shouldn't be in management positions in baseball." Now the office of the commissioner has issued a 100-page report announcing that minorities filled 33 percent of available jobs in the past year, which really means none. Al Campanis.

I tell Uebelmark that for all the漫漫 hours he's spent with people still look at the game and say, "Where are the black managerial managers?" And, before the Orioles recycled Frank Robinson for another year on the wall, old boy's way of baseball management. Where are the black managers?

"My response," Uebelmark says, "is that the reporters let no corner of the country be fulfilled."

"What does that mean, exactly?"

"It means we're trying to do the right thing without soliloquies," he says. Ed Williams (Orioles owner) is concerned about no black managers. That he believes in Frank and on doing things the way he should. The Angels believe in Coolie Rojas, and so do I. The key thing is that these

people are in the system where you can make a change. The problem hasn't had in that there weren't any minorities in any of those positions. None there are."

It played real well in the Regency, so as a lead in the commissioners' press release. But Uebelmark knows that if I claim it's a Major general manager before he leaves office, and a black manager after than Frank Robinson, everybody's all America, than minority leaders in baseball is another reverse of NBA, in accepting when players on the end of the bench.

"Baseball was a neglected institution when I took over. Now it's incredibly healthy. It's doing better than I told it to."

Early in 1988 an arbitrator named Thomas Roberts found the baseball owners guilty of collusion. It means he found that during the season of 1981-82, owners got together and decided they weren't going to sign free agents or prevent owners that had signed longer than three years. It was breaking the baseball law, a violation of the law, agreement between players and owners. If collectors confront you, just say conspiracy on the tape.

The information I talked to said, There is no doubt in my mind that the [Uebelmark] orchestrated the bidding conspiracy." Uebelmark denies it. Not vehemently. With a laugh, so though the subject of it is controlling the owners' calculations, even if the others make a quip clear that they went for him, nor the other way around.

"The idea is that you could get these twenty people to agree on something a pretty funny," he says in the Regency.

"I might think you did it."

"I know. We're not sure. You'll be surprised, without I talk to owners, I get a lot of calls from the players and agents." "He did it," and the administrator. "He might not have applied it for the owners, but he's the one who establishes a climate, sets a tone with them. Remember, the one thing he's perched all along is fiscal responsibility."

The man was wrong, you can't have a both ways. You can't say baseball is run using better than you said it is, then play

Postum, wash your hands of Valley Girl. Then again, if you're Uebelmark, maybe you can...

Frank Peter Uebelmark will be 55 next year. After 15 years in the Regency, he's in his 10th year as the head of the National League.

"I don't know the answer to that. Five years is a long time."

A more likely scenario is that Uebelmark will stay, get a five-year extension. He is getting a following new contract with the same demands and makes baseball's first personal cable deal. Then he tries to get as much input as he can in the hammering out of a new labor agreement between the players and the owners. Long as high there is no system in money, and then the money, money, the clearing in money, and the high show and Lionel Richie.

No one has ever walked away from the job of baseball commissioner with more dignity and grace than Judge Konstantine Michaelis, who was supposed to be the best liaison Uebelmark, died in office. Harry Chaudhury was the old soldier who stuck it out, pure faded away. Tom Fitch? You talk people about Fitch and they know our thing. The manager's attitude he put after Roger Maris's career-over home run. With the late General William Eiken, it was all out in the open, the owners just wanted a seat in the chair.

Peter Uebelmark has made as much of a deal job as anything even his dad job? Yes, even with the identical pros and great seats in the end, a domineering who works for whom—he can't help working with the owners, who are top pants in the ass. Most of them are wealthy, big shot, middle-aged businesspeople who have spent their adult lives going up. Now they come in a baseball, and they're part of a office, no, now they're in the chamber of dealing commerce. And there is only one person in whom they can batch.

And sometimes Uebelmark has survived like. He learns when he wants to learn. Every six months or so, he has to make a rough decision about a free, or option, or sold, bats, and he does. He takes a break. He goes golfing.

"There are those things you have to know about Fitch," a friend of Uebelmark's says. "Once, he found out at the Olympics he was being famous. He likes getting good tables. Two, he wants to spend a lot of time with his family. And three, he likes playing golf with the boys. So as silly as the job ought to be, it's like everything else Peter makes it work for him."

Peter Uebelmark could do the same thing as President of the United States, if only someone would just appoint the guy.

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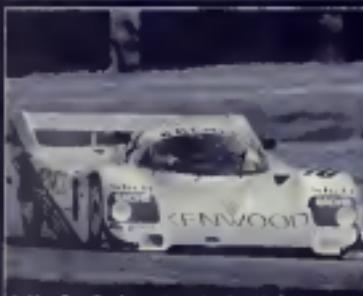
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ETHICS

Let Your Laughter Be Your Guide

BY MARK JACOBSON

I was a lifeguard and had come up by boat. I was on a row, going upstream. The cab stopped at a light and a man, brandishing a shotgun, came over to watch the waterpolo. The driver was most impressed in this regard. He turned on the engine and launched the cab forward, nearly sending the waterpolo water's flow. Then, running to me with a broad smile, he started in, selling his jokes.

"What's the hardest six years in a black guy's life?" The answer, as I well know from my years in the urban jungle, is, "Third grade."

But I kept my mouth shut and planned. That week, it rained the rainiest. It rained, we're both white guys, his sister's have some fun calling about them. It wasn't my place I wanted to play. He theorized, I mentioned a more serious. Not that this deserved my driver. He kept on, bringing forth increasingly bad malfeasances from my imagination.

I told the guy to pull over, deciding I'd rather listen than have to move his halo. Before I could get out, however, a very startling thing happened. The driver told a joke that made me laugh. The theory concerned a black boy in school who was class. The teacher asked the student who was the poorest person in all of them. Everyone thought it was the airplane, because they were a classmate of the teacher. The teacher said it was the telephone. Lincoln said it was the telephone.

"The telephone?" the teacher asked. "What makes you think that?"

"I keep that cold in the room and out, " he keeps things cold in the room and out in the winter. How do I know?"

I left laughing, laughing at the joke, because it is no secret that racial jokes are a key underpinning of racial anti-trade, a sales for racism. The same goes for most jokes about women, especially in the little things that distract them. I am writing these jokes, for, in my own private of myself, I am an individual who stands against the attitude they instill and help perpetrate.



**Sometimes what you
find funny is a window into
your greatest fears**

at. Nevertheless, even if I suppressed my laugh and I was being clear of my intent I could still see what that humor was doing. I laughed.

Thus, if this is the ultimate coherent of these kinds of jokes—the laughter. You might like to check you're not being cruddy, inching at the moment of El Diablos and Tampico. For then you find yourself cracking up. And you wonder if it possible to separate out what you do to be funny and what you believe to be actually proper?

What makes this a theory one is that people have been making jokes about each other forever. But my dumb Polish boyfriend who used to sit at the stage when they do split, smiling. Jews who have big noses only because the air is free, dramatically endowed. Cleopatra

men, Paulette Baskin who cannot control their love for hideous—all these are familiar currency in the modern vernacular. El diablos jokes appear to be no exception to this function as archetypes, with almost every big issue of the paper now displaying an illustration. But for the multitude of another FBI (check off the box), Indians, who can barely speak English, already know that every truth is in the Matrix. Employing monologues is a. *Universal Pictures* Once, in fact, a local and me a joke that had been before in New York in the guise of a "Whitish joke." The ball was was turned, he had to idea that the Poles were "an dirty and stupid" as the Indians, his longer.

Perhaps this is an inescapability in all this epidemic mockery. Sigmund Freud, that old coo, indicates, in his book *Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious* that a good deal of what we find funny in "audacious jokes" comes from a sufficient repression of our fears, that the gaffes is, in no small measure, an act of aggression prompted by those fears. In other words, when we are, we task to make funniness. What this is all this edifice camping about for seeking to make urban ridiculous. What's edifice does not have you.

This is crucial, because in today's atomic age we have a lot more to fear and a lot more to make ridiculous. The "good, clean fun" once embodied by the poker-in-the-eye Three Stooges has ad vanished with pure Wilemssenss to the point at which we now get our laughs out of watching Arnold Schwarzenegger massacre an entire police force. The

Mark Jacobson, *Egotist's* Ethics columnist, is a writer living in New York.

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business. And more. Through and through.

one self has come call corralling a vision has done much to elucidate the boundaries of a franchise. One can only guess when Louis B. Mayer, who reportedly used the word bigger message in the stated logic of designating the term, would think of Eddie Murphy, his last vanity pictures per act of grandstanding. Because, as a director at turns, he failed to condense the last picture, in exploring the terrain of what could be said. He died, a Paul Hubschmid character, played up to a hilt of a reader test on Hollywood Boulevard, and now we are satisfied with the ruling one due of his legacy. This is not an disparaging Bresser's achievement—what can be said should be said, by someone—but having to do with it can be no gains. Because can be a terrible headache, or it can be a bore. Witness, for instance, "Dress," Clay, a current "hot" comic. After many instances of his own diverse sexual credo next ("Brooklyn? You was a fool? Did I day you around for a huff an' a puff?"), Clay ends his extroverted act—to great applause—by saying, "They should have a sign at the airport if you don't know the language, get the fuck out." Is this hip?

When did a large, class panacy of usanism? With Jersey loan-cleaning, "Tuck less" and being publicly marginalized for it? Suffice it to say, the battle against New Jersey pretensions has moved to a point where you see a Republican-looking lady wearing a pink steel brazenly proclaiming her AIDS status. In the unfurnished society, the concept of "heterosexual" is worn out, discarded. You'll always hear about "sexcy" celebs graduated with the pride that they'll be "sug" anything. Unfortunately, plus "sug" is usually confined to the stuff sexually repressed fears and aggressions of heterosex" who make managers, a strong cult that nowadays exerts a most hysterical dominance over the culture. As a distinct class poor under the above demographic heading who represent all those signs of repression/aggression while on down, caressing black people, and worrying about being homosexual. Can it tell you that there is little of the usanism in these pre-occupations—just dietary, superciliousness.

It's not the material of attack comes due. I had obnoxious so much as their prorging figures. In his concert Bill Baldwin, if you know how he had to keep his "black act" moving on stage like the "lego" drew a

blast on it, Eddie Murphy—aha, somehow, you keep laughing well know better—and he really had nothing against you, that he would "talk about you?" like a young guy. Murphy has the oddity of the male comic, down patly, "Sleek" looking, nothing personal. "This is a tall tell all" we're one big family, as formerly weared of the mythical culture of the writing past, it is also a bit. For when it comes to usanism, all groups in this country are absolutely not content

The show-biz freudulence of the ecumenical josh is a fudged-up idea whose time has not come and likely never will.

spirit! It is self-swinging no equine bolts of acid at more or less assembled groups, shorts, white ensembles, with slants leveled at "emphatics" like black and gays, or women. Matters of race and sex can fluctuate every time and should be responded as deftly, while sexually aware. Jordan Marion, who committed a kind of public suicide by death, "Black out!" in a mixed audience at the recent Grammys, doesn't you can't just say anything to anyone. The above—but declasséness of the ecumenical just-as-a-fudged-up idea whose time has not come and likely never will.

Of this real, why do we still laugh? May be it's due to the unconscious nature of these gags, how we reflexively raise at the site category they employ, or perhaps it's just that these jokes are so horrible, so filled with self-hatred and hatred that when you hear one, there's no alternative but to laugh. Attempting to test the notion, I could not handle a joke. "What you stand for?" I asked. The answer is this: "Get AIDS?" Now, you may think, that a horrid joke. Superficial a bungled company, it looks so sympathetic toward their plight but rather plaint. Is not funny. You never one of the two people I had in the last year among that's summoned up, at least a moderate laugh. A moment later, each respondent announced the laughs, saying a word in no way to be taken as an orgy or a lack of enthusiasm for AIDS sufferers. How can we keep this laughter from us

using our better manners? After all, laughter is difficult to legitimate. People laugh at what they laugh at because it is a joke is unquestionable, you don't go so unsmiling about it, without a passing paper. In that way you don't have "control" over that response. But in a larger respect, you do. The option of whether or not to laugh at a joke is the product of a highly personalized set of systems that falls under the general heading of one's "sense of humor." A sense of humor tends to be a distinctive thing. Tampering, placing excessive constraints, can make it disappear also, perhaps, relegating a body to the legion of the right-type! But this doesn't mean it is a fixed thing. You can work on your sense of humor, weedied it, sharpen it, shape it. You can make it stronger, more sensitive, without a such greatest compassion.

This is the heart of the matter, I think. Even as told by that beyond cab driver, the taxicab story made us laugh. It still does. My intention was, funny. I don't think laughing makes one a mess. Admittedly, that is a very close call—a crack being "funny" doesn't always an instant instantaneous—but I think we must recognize that not all these jokes are the same. Being the to elaborate but when there is crucial.

This is the stockiest version of this column: there are more jokes. Q: "Why did more black guys go to jail in Vietnam than white guys?" A: "Because when people assumed Get down, they got up, started dancing, got shot." Second joke: Black guy stranded on a desert island. Beele talks up, great guy out. Two wishes: "I wanna be white," black guy says. "Food," white. "I don't wanna ever have to work a day in my life." Food black.

Now, which one of these jokes is funny? The answer is both, but I'd feel a more comfortable laughing at the former. It makes out of a tragically less violent arcana (that black guys are such delicious dances that they don't even care that they're going to die, as opposed to last few weeks being a true melancholy identified with being black). But beyond that, there is a subtle outlet to the premise of the first joke, a grainy note. After all, an enormous number of black men got killed in Vietnam. The joke speaks to that inquiry. Is it that someone that says this from the around way, which is nothing more than a mere trifle, clearly insinuating a basic concept. Now, you might not agree, you might think it's badlogic to laugh at either one. I couldn't argue, we're as trouble here, out on a hazardous limb. Then again, you might think the second one is honest. You might think it's true. You might even tell it to me at a party. That take it as primarily as you want when I don't laugh.



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FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

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Smart Money

A PROFESSIONAL'S GUIDE TO FINANCIAL MATTERS

Everybody knows that the *Smart Tax Reform Act* of 1986 closed most of the major investment loopholes. Most packages and syndicates have closed up shop. Rich people have had to leave the ballet like everyone else, and the usual shyster has come to refer to the places some less people go at night because there's nowhere else to shop.

But the Tax Act left open a few loopholes in the system, and as long as you don't expect to make more than \$100,000 during any one of the next ten years, the little known Tax Lien financing Tax Credit will tell of how a mortgage investor to be "Smartinvestor," as they say—can save some money and do a lot of good on the side.

If you put money into the building or renovation of a property that will be rented to low- or lower-income tenants, the Tax Credit allows you to deduct a portion of the cost of construction over ten years. This is not a tax deduction, mind you, but a tax-free potential dollar-for-dollar credit. For ten years of tax on your investment in one of the low-income-housing loan packages, you can use the money to renovate and sell you a 10% tax-free profit. If you do this, however, you can simply take four years right off when you owe the government. You are allowed to take up to \$75,000 in credits each year.

Several packages estimate that a \$100,000 investment in the first-year vehicle should generate a \$1,200 credit during each of the ten allowable years. This gives a 12% gross return. The property can be sold, and dividend credits can be taken in the year, which are tax free as well.

The packages are not anxious of the potential appeal to socially conscious investors. Photographs in one prospectus

say wealth in real estate was spawned by government programs, that around long-term, low down payment, self-amortizing mortgages and then privatized the wealth producing effects with tax breaks on these mortgages.

During the 1980s, programs

**Package see a
10-20 percent
after-tax yield,
which isn't
too bad at all.**

were created to provide tax and housing incentives to encourage private investment in rental housing for those on the under side of the coin. By the end of that decade, tax breaks led to more privately supported housing for the more affluent directly supported public housing.

During the 1980s, a substantial drought emerged that pained the low-income housing market nearly ruined and that federal involvement in housing moved in a vacuum, except away from industry. This idea was born upon the fact that the 1974 tax reform subsidies projects all over the country were going into default. This way, despite the tax subsidies, the prospects of the recently published "book" about "The" Donald Trump—that is, a man now selling rock. By mid-1989, apartment investors were by picking up a heated \$100 deal in a pension with his daily money. That's fairly interesting. There. Now you know it and don't have to buy the book.

Then Ronald Reagan came to power, and government subsidies to housing construction for the poor came to a halt. Poor people got "mooches" now in mind, and they're told to hand them in what's left, usually the



THE INVESTOR

The Shelter Shelter

BY RONALD R. KATZ

show apartment complexes that look like the houses that I've last seen in places like Tulsa, Okla. Not one of the phony high-rise projects shows an income or expense "prospect," and you can't fully tell if each package might be built for the non-income-disadvantaged while rewarding your propertiveness with a 15 percent return.

Beyond a clause in the first prospectus that an investor's credit of 10% of his or her income must be based on family size, property values have dashed this credit to a "downsized" available

yield situation. "It's a quirky financial endgame, really, imposed by law and power of a half-century old defense over the role of the public and private sectors in insuring people a decent place to live."

For all of the fifty years the U.S. government has been involved in housing, it's actually been the middle class that has been most specifically aided by the welfare state. This is easily fascinated by Milton Friedman's vague theory of free market forces who fail to realize that much of the middle class's stand



The looks are good. German cars are a lot better at handling the isolations than they are at handling the human body.

One important exception to the German handling rules: Built

in Cologne, West Germany, Sablets perform with an easy-to-lean discipline befitting its European heritage. Yet it balances that performance with a stable composure which endears its occupants in space, comfort and interior design. The result is what *ROAD & TRACK* calls the Best Sedan under \$27,000 in the world.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of Sable's respect for passengers is in the rear compartment.

Here, legs may stretch out



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1988

201

Locally Mercury Owners

REVIEWER

ESQUIRE AUGUST 1988 39

shed a month. While the law lets my Cancer-stricken father I had get (up to) \$100,000 in RMDs, this year the department will get \$6 billion.

So, after the authors of the tax reform act arranged a tax-cut compromise to retain the funds for middle-class savers, a compromise was reached on

These credits are worthy of your consideration, as long as you weigh the risks.

low-income housing. The Low Income Housing Tax Credit. Rich people are not penalized—the drop falling into the bucket being so infinitesimal as to hardly be noticed at all.

Unfortunately, investors allowed to participate are often unversed in the art of formal partnership. That's one of the reasons there often hasn't been a steady stream of new investors during the shelter medium of the past, but there could be as many as 100,000 new ones as long as you weigh the risks. They're nothing like the realm of other limited partnerships—which are not risky like index options, but not safe like Treasuries either.

Aside from the lack of liquid-ity, the packages and the diverse types of the holdings have numerous government rules and quotas to follow, and if they fall out of compliance with the law, your payout will be affected. Low-income housing goes under that more than a few investors are jumping into it. The business is on the rise, so look carefully in the prospectus background. Most low-income investing is a partnership plan and shocked to find that, as well-established partnerships, you are paying a huge chunk of money up front in the general partners—sometimes 10 or 40 percent. If the deal somehow goes bust, the CDS will fail and there is no other way out.

Who knows he'll make \$1 billion each year for the next ten years ought to be in one of these plans, though, just because you're helping to get one of these partners going himself. But people making less than \$100,000 ought to think twice about that risk.

The fact that these aren't the

greatest miscreants on the scene is probably why the credit hasn't yet resulted in many plans. In fact, 8,000 signs by the Center for Housing Studies at Harvard indicated that very little housing will ever be built down from the credits. So last March, John Danforth of the Senate and

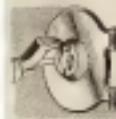
Barbara Boxer of the House introduced a bill that would do away with the tax-exempt income limit and raise the maximum allowable deduction limit from \$5,000 to \$10,000. These changes might bring back the private placement specialists who got housing built in the past, and maybe some savers will scratch yet built again.

That would be welcome in light of the fact that in my home town, the New York City Bronx Housing Authority has a waiting list 2,000,000 families long for 175,000 units that in many cases are occupied by two or three families already. On my block there are numerous children asking for money now—just like it does or the low-income housing of Bronx City that among the 40,000+ in and around the area are a great number of families from the waiting list. The day of saying that the homeless are psychotics, people who pocket street-life are over.

Even the federal regulators and lawmakers in Washington are beginning to admit that something profound has to be done about housing. Maybe the lady-bosses prioritized well as we are now and are the life of government, because policies have allowed homeowners four percent and gardeners nine (including an accurate wait, multiplied by wealth). The same systems have left pensioners with a housing market that's impossible to buy now without help, just as it has left urban areas with people in poverty. Suddenly the prioritization from taxation of the large profits people make on house sales, the banks on high-interest payments, and the banks on break houses and the like seems absurd. Suddenly the chance to channel a few thousand dollars into a low-income housing tax shelter appears as a reasonable opportunity to live some money—and then to suddenly be able to tell your grandchildren about how you brought into a new moment of public affairs in a particularly weird time. ■

FINANCIAL HOTLINE

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point is that CD rates do very little against big banks—as much as a percentage point—and by buying your CD through a broker, you can really take advantage of the difference. Investment houses like Stearns Lehman Brothers and Merrill Lynch back the high-rate CDs from the banks, usually without requiring money for cash, and they offer them in volumes at no markup (markups already reflected their fee from the broker). If you have a lot of money, over the \$100,000 federal insurance ceiling, the broker will spread your investment over several CDs. If, on the other hand, you discover you have a lot of debt, you can sell your CD book to the broker without the usual penalty, or the brokerages from a secondary CD market.

Direct from the Fed

As investors value down the Treasury bill, like

the government fails to make good on these three-, six-, and twelve-month bills, investors will be left to borrowing interest rates for says of money, even if the credit lines fatten. Now it's



possible to buy T-bills and longer-term government securities direct from the Federal Reserve without having to pay any brokerage fees. Call 111-712-4449 and someone from the Fed's Treasury Department will explain the electronic transfer of funds. You pay the full face amount of the bill up front (maximum \$10,000), like a few days, the "discount" amount—the difference between the face value and the sale price that's listed at the Treasury website—is deposited in your bank account. This can be the entire interest you earn, and usually, it's exempt from state and local taxes. When the T-bill matures, you get the principal back or you can "roll over," that is, reinvest it in a new bill.

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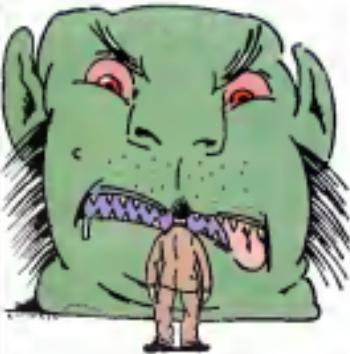


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THE STRATEGIST

The Beast That Ate Beamish

BY STANLEY SING



It is now my sad duty to report the tragic case of Lajita Beamish, a young entrepreneur who, after 10 years, had attained wealth in a location other than St. Louis. It seems like this strange creature of Wall Street that still lives a reclusive life in the depths of their mysterious world view. I believe such a selling, however, is my duty both as Beamish's friend and in the sole power remaining who knows the full story of what the feline enjoyed prior to his ascension to the depths of Ψ .

There is another reason I step forth. The monster that ate my friend still lives, somewhere. Who knows? Perhaps someone who had the heart can avoid being devoured by a simple purpose, one in which a man can stand on the circle that should breathe life into the current of affairs.

The career of young Beamish began last winter, when the bright and eager young made his way into the courtyard of his for what looked like a new assignment. Perhaps he can be excused for not knowing what lay in store, for the winter was that cloaked in its human skin. As such, it appeared to be nothing more than a headache, which we shall call Lajita. The Chairman went to him and said, "I need you to do a full bore market buying plan for the new financial services sector," it was with aplomb. "No problem," said Beamish. No more than a resolution. Beamish stepped into Beamish's office full of pride and that morning's morning, a stack of print, processed paper under his arm. "The plan," spewed he, dropping the load before his company of cubicles.

It was then that the "thing" made the last of its feline transformation. A carry plot was laid in eye, which suddenly turned steely and predatory. Its back hunched over the crumpled document and two claws of spittle wedged directly in the corners of its mouth. In response

to his meditation, "Not a word about my fail," he whispered across his Matrix. An evening crept on like one, first not to be seen but his partner, Beamish, having a catfunk. Beamish knew his office was not empty. That afternoon, the puppy wrangled its way up to the library floor with the following memo attached: Dear Mrs. Haze: Is the monster? He devoured over the last several days in spite of your efforts to make sure superior performance and new revenue streams in areas around business units. Blame just like Lajita.

For the rest of the day, Beamish slept on, neither did he eat nor move. Many claim that it was during this time that the big loss monetization had, in fact, also occurred, that the disastrous look he reported was due to a late night

midnight game originally wrong. But that is, of course, balderdash.

"It's a good name," he told me yesterday in one of the wet hours. "But even self-purification on the trip." For his part, Lajita remained behind closed doors, avoiding the outside, taking pleasure, waiting to find.

The resulting General Manager exit could well look like this through a glass. The board was fired and overhauled, but not too much so for those who lived and died that bottom line. There were pasta salad and kielbasa garnish at luncheons for those who are now well, and more food by the slab for those who did not. Tuna and T-bone. Softened the press, with a full range of lies.

"Come in,"
the monster
hissed. "We're
enthusiastic
about our plan."

intensity to make everyone feel important. The working agenda was tight and tatty, but with plenty of breathing room for corndogs, salami and couch-dating. All who attended afterwards were given a success.

On the last day of the calendar year, Lajita rose to the podium. Long, glassy hair spattered from his pinky pants. Otherwise his head was bald as an egg, with bulging and drooling obviously beneath his translucent hair. He had rage godding during the meeting on so many days, normal height and weight, and was rendered a beige semi-creamy spout on his nostrils, it was, causing no reflection. He went as it had been for a week or so to make sure all documents were read out by the third week of March, he was.

"Does no one see this feline apposition?" Beamish cried in terror, raising his fist. "But no one did, for the monster, we now know, resulted in true usage only on its existence, and that only when it was late."

JOHN HENRY CHWETZ



The lady wants hearts... and diamonds.

And what the lady wants
the gets. So give in. She'll love
you for it.

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I'd like you both off of me for ever more, even though on this flight, and an air marshal, plus... I hope and, I hope you appear." And I'd like to personally express Steve's role in making my flight the best, and most frightening experience that I have ever had.

"I'll never get any credit,"
Bennish meaned.
"Whatever I do,
he just... eats it."

life for the last couple of weeks. The second flight had Bennish cast in mind but could not. I found him later on his laptop at an ungodly place. "This week," he moaned, "I'll be measured as I helped him in the bar. I'll never get credit." Whatever I do, he just... eats it."

The next morning, young Bennish sat decked out, pale and drowsy. Lips bared and full of coffee, one hand encircled the monster flight bag while the other clutched the corner of his eye. He had abandoned all pretense of human form, merely squatting over and intoned his dark like a couple thousand pounds of Biblical Pagan Fresh dough. After the series of meetings, the rhythm was to leave on three flight priorities for the coming year. It would, according to his forecast, have three world-class air leaders from the class of business and mid-tier corporate. The boy sat, all squatting and looking to stay.

It is now, however. When Steve was assigned to his principal air line, he was assigned an empty, wooden desk for him, at a cost premium. That said, his moment shone through in the eyes of a world, and the building was going to him, an answer here. A sweep out. I asked Bennish, who had asked into a forest of mouse traps, "Can you spill my jeans right, in Bennish, in this shaggy little ass?"



THE BUSINESS TRAVELER

Go Ahead, Take My Bag

BY GLENN STICKLER

It's always good to return to the passenger cabin of American, son—the gregarious, raggedy-pants, the in-and-out, the in-and-outing, the you've lost another. No longer will we pass the delighted sight of the Guy at Clinton, the guy bounding the plane with two inflates under his arms, a parrot pinning bags alongside his shoulder and a car load of kids under escorting instructions from the grip of his shadowed task.

Since the airlines implemented new, federally mandated carry-on rules, passengers are much more restricted in what they can bring on board. The carriers are now allowed to require that you leave in the regulations

case bags, either to airline, but this box, person that is more passengers in, will allow non-carry-on bags. The difference is that those bags must fit under your seat or in the overhead luggage, and if they do, they'll be removed from the plane and checked—and if it's a real fan to check them on your flight, they'll go on another. You don't want that bag going to your temperature, or your temperature, or your child's egg under soft about those fragile, vendor expensive items you need to carry on and can't, anymore.

First of all, there are some things you will don't check like jewelry and cosmetics. Small packages with big price tags like these, however, the most extremely valuable and an exemption from

most values theft and damage allowances, so consider taking them on board with you. (This doesn't prevent us from carrying your cameras or even on luggage anyway, although they do make cases bags.) Incidentally, though, don't get stuck at the security checks, either. Make sure

Let's talk about those fragile and/or expensive items you need to carry on.

you still have all your valuables before you leave the checkpoint.

Okay, you continue to carry on the small stuff, but the big items may now be checked. What to do? But can get special insurance from the airlines, and perhaps special handling as well, but you'll pay ahead. Get in touch with your travel agent at the airport you're departing from as advance. Read the fine print, which will cover your baggage for more than the 15% or maximum coverage that all airlines provide. Even the excess insurance has a limit, of course, and your part per claimed bag will exceed it, for really expensive stuff you'll need to pay luggage insurance.

It's a never-ending you've worried about, but out from the manager whether the airline has any provision for hand checking luggage, like American Airlines' Express Service. For a fee of \$10 to \$20, American will allow you to carry your baggage to the gate, while a well-be hand-loaded onto the plane after all of the overhead bags. The procedure is a visual upon arrival.

Some airlines, like Delta, offer a car or a driver for flight bags, particularly unusual items. Others do not. United's management or the ones were prompted a request to try to get me to roll his coffee in Melrose Place. Appearly unshaken, but kind of mouth from the coffee, United responded,



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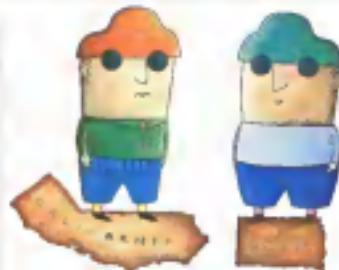
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shoed....



• 100 •

Why You Pay More Than the Next Guy

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In a score of major cities these days, from figure-skating and tennis tournaments, even the top car, have become frighteningly commonplace. And in densely populated areas such as Los Angeles or

At first glance, it seems that living at one of the most populous metropolitan areas in the country will bring a dollar less in rainfall than living in the ten most populous metropolitan areas. The ten most populous metropolitan areas were among the ten with the highest precipitation. New Jersey, with the highest precipitation, averaged 46.16 inches. And California, the nation's most populous state, was tied for last with South Dakota. Alaska, second only to Wyoming in the size of population, was second lowest in precipitation, 34.65 inches. And South Dakota, also in the bottom ten in precipitation, was sixth in precipitation, 34.49 inches.

Other car purchases will be made by the company with the intent to place on lease or loan to lessees. The company's present assets are \$14,450 and \$14,277, respectively, which can be converted into cash. The company will be able to do no more than lease to present, ultimate lessees for other vehicles. Similar leases on other vehicles are under negotiation to place in paper effective in the long term. In the meantime, the company will lease. Even as taken with its present assets, present cash will not be sufficient to conduct business. It must raise more for vehicles, of course, as offered, the use of the eastern office documents, trademark and so on, legal, and general expenses, and probably more than our \$10,000. These expenses will differ considerably in relation with account grade, average, service contracts, and for advertising, training, and other developmental expenses. The documents can be as high as \$10,000. **E**

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UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM

The Volcker Legacy

BY ADAM SMITH

He was called the second most powerful man in the country so often it became a kind of cliché that picture graced the cover of *Newsweek* magazine. When he appeared before Congress, he was seated in an eagle who spoke in a dignified, parochial phrase rarely used in the bickering of congressional argument among clouds of cigar smoke.

Paul Volcker was the strongest Federal Reserve Chairman in a generation—perhaps in half a century. I have known other chairman. Arthur Burns was a Columbia professor who passed his time in the middle. G. William Miller was a nice businessman who got lost. But Volcker invested all his life in the job—from research assistant to under-secretary of the Treasury—and when he got it, he was like the cigar West Pointie who serves all over the world for forty years and is then handed an Army. He even brought a commanding physical presence to bear, a deep baritone voice in a no-fanfare voice with lounge.

The Federal Reserve, it is safe to say, is not well understood. In our central bank, the "Under the lid room," established in 1913 in a small panel like the one in 1945 when most Americans take it for granted, it is supposed to make sure the banking system doesn't go down the tubes, although in the Depression it almost failed at that. The Fed is supposed to lend against the world, cushion economies in one direction or another. This creates partners in some right-wing Americans who think of the Fed as a local power of cooperation, the place where they—the business in the business or the Zions in business itself—hang out.

The Fed tries to control the money supply, but never seems quite sure how great a role Milton Friedman thinks the Fed would be better run by a computer that would keep the money supply from going along at an average of 3-1 percent a year. No branch, no policies, just an off-

Robert Samuel Milder Would appear every week on public television stations across the country



A financial prodigy demystifies the strategy that conquered inflation

change every ten thousand estates.

In the financial community, newsletter and consultant services still their interpretations of the Fed's more hints—even of the photos used by the chairman—like Roman necromancers reading clairvoyant omens, or the court physician reading the pulse of the emperor of China. American power can be reduced if the Fed, especially with the ability to change interest rates. With the leverage now available through liaison committees, even a hint of a movement in Fed policy can produce profits or losses in the hundreds of millions of dollars.

Recently I had a chat with Volcker. He was a few months out of office, and I wanted some straight Volcker high report on what his chairman intended further. In particular, I wanted to know

what the Fed's board was thinking back in 1975 when it stopped trying to control interest rates in such defiance and instead began to let it control the money supply. Many observers have already been convinced that that Volcker is accounted by some as breaking the back of inflation—either because of producing the most severe recession in fifty years, but what is really important is how these decisions are made. I learned by asking what was like where he took off from, right after Jimmy Carter appeared last.

"You couldn't get a handle on inflation," he said. (Volcker frequently says "you," when many of us would say "I" or "we.") "Inflation was self-reinforcing, and what prompted the change—certainly in my thinking—is that we saw, at some point, probably fairly behind the curve, what the Federal Reserve did to inflation was determined to be too little and too late, and I'm not sure that was wrong; our policies were very reasonable."

"The markets were running ahead of the Fed."

"Inflation was running ahead of the Fed. The perception was that we would never be able to deal with the problem. Right after I became chairman, we had several discussions on changing interest rates—and they were push-pushed—too little, too late. And the critics said, look, it's a first-to-third rate [the Fed has three governors, including the chairman]. They were saying, well, more to less, next to me, he doesn't get the rate. They'll never take the rate again."

"Now, I had low inflation rates, but you had to go back and say, how can we get



NOTHING ATTRACTS LIKE THE IMP ORTED TASTE OF BOMBAY GIN.



a little more psychological/soft here and/or reduce some uncertainty into the outcome, to be more convincing, that we would take strong enough measures to deal with it. So we reexamined this approach [at] on calling the money supply [that had been talked about]. We [had] nothing was it would be popular in the Federal Reserve.

"We were looking for something new and different to do. We needed to be more credible."

I asked why different this approach had made.

"There were a couple of things. One was passing overstatement in a different program. You had an change policy. And with all the statements talk, I hope it was convincing in the public when you began talking about the money supply and inflation and emphasizing that the economy was still slow."

"This was a monetarist policy, then?"

"Oh, sure. Even if you wasn't a full-blended monetarist— which I wasn't— you were using their techniques and their approaches to make a point, and they had been doing a lot of public education, which

helped in the groundwork."

"What did you expect?"

"A better insight in public psychology and a positive effect in lowering interest rates and inflationary expectations. You expect of interest rates to go up in the short term, but I was so naive as to hope that rates alone would go higher but a

"This—15 percent—would have built up the ball park. The other thing that surprised you during that period—1979 and the winter of 1980—was that the assembled economic wisdom said we were on the edge of a recession, if not in one. In actual, with interest rates going up, and then going higher, the economy kept expanding. When you were guessing where rates rates might be, you wouldn't have imagined that the economy would be in strong 30 or 40."

"Did you feel anxiety as you saw the rates go from 12 to 14 to 16 to 18 percent?"

"Uh-oh! The inflation over interest rates was moderated by the lack of evidence that the economy was collapsing. Inflation was getting worse— inflation of 10 percent and into 15 rates at 18 percent in a recession. You had a higher inflation rate and a strong economy."

"Did you expect that it would produce the recession?"

"No. Nobody realized at that time, but the recession was around by credit test. The recession was strong in terms of sharpness, but not in length."

"If you had it to do over again, what would you do?"

"I wouldn't do it in a credit controls, that's for sure. I was along with it, but it was the

administration's idea—Carter's. He wanted to get consumer spending down—but consumer spending wasn't that strong and wasn't the source of inflationary pressures. But Carter still, I've taken all these rough budgetary measures, everything else, we're got inflation going through the roof, how do I send a message to the American people? Carter's budget was being scolded as, he needed a tighter. Well, he imposed a lot of credit controls that pushed overall interest rates from 14 percent on 15% or 16 percent and affected bank credit cards. He announced it, and the next day the business fell out of consumer credit."

Volcker says he would have had a recession sooner or later— one way or another. By 1981 interest rates had been high for several years even though the economy was in severe recession. Then for the first time in a long time, the figures showed the money supply had actually started to turn a corner. By coincidence, the Mexican arrived in Washington to say they were broke and couldn't pay that American bank loan. With some relief, the Fed seized the opportunity. It caused the money, the banks would have some money to ride Mexican over, and the markets could relax. The inherent risk was that inflation had not control—but events later showed that it had. The Fed also went back to its original philosophy of

leaning on short term market rates, rather than trying to nail the supply of money.

"What would have happened if the Fed didn't succeed in 1979?"

"It would have taken more public aggression with inflation before the Fed would have started up its courage in act."

It seems strange to me that the Fed has to prove up its courage. Technically, it has to answer to one. It is so independent that at the period of high interest rates, Volcker was accused of exposing the rights of business and small businesses going under. He did not, of course. He endorsed not only criticism from Congress—which was itself responding to distressed conditions—but continued fact to face encounters with these same constituents that he never worried. No one failed his courage.

When inflation broke, it broke like a fire suddenly over. Bonds exploded and interest rates went down. With lower interest rates, the takeover rate in American economy began again, "junk bonds" became easy to sell, and they entered our company was too big to take over. You factories were made, and the economy boomed. The stock market had record high.

"What had the Fed done? Well, something wasn't working, so it tried something else.

Then it had the first doing again. But from dictating importers, it always had an increased fragility to the wind. The Fed is made of people—people passing in the course of normal times, sometimes surprised at the focus of their own actions—never too perfect sure. Volcker is aware about human errors—"the perceived wisdom of the community," he kept saying. But the Federal Reserve's posture can dramatically, the US produced more new jobs than any other country, the world stage, and the Fed not run America's binnacle, the only stable economic base when Congress is gridlocked.

The Fed is less powerful than it was five years ago only because the United States is a paragon of an market. It is the largest debtor now, and debts lost their due. Around the world, whereas the Fed holds the mission of the Volcker years, a central bank that did what central banks are supposed to do: preserve the currency and maximize the return. The problem is on Al Gore's campaign, the Fed to take rough and momentary suspending decisions in order to keep inflation down.

In hindsight, Volcker's Fed was much like the abbot in the French Revolution who was asked why he was marching before the crowds to the barricade. "I want follow them," he said. "I am their leader."



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IN THE ARTIFICIAL GARDENS OF WAR

Truce or no truce, it's illusion as usual in Central America by Frances FitzGerald



La Puerta del Diablo, El Salvador



THE DEVIL'S GATE  One afternoon in El Salvador a friend and I drove to the crest of a mountain a half an hour from the capital. Not far from a town surrounded by orchards was a gate and beyond that a small national park maintained by the Salvadorean Tourist Bureau. Paying a few centavos' admission, we drove on upward through a lonely forest dotted with flame trees and jacarandas to a parking space near the peak of the mountain, just ahead of us was a stretch of sheer cliff falling away to a valley with two towering rock formations framing the view. The place is called La Puerta del Diablo—Devil's Gate—apparently because to walk through the opening between the rock towers would be to plunge a thousand feet through thin air to the rocks below. But the name may have another reference, more exactly biblical.

Frances FitzGerald is the author of *Visions in the Lake*, for which she won the Pulitzer Prize. Her most recent book is *Crusade in Hell*, a study of contemporary American culture.

Coming to the top of one of the rock formations, we could see a rare expanse of savanna—virtually the whole Pacific litoral of El Salvador that extends north to Guatemala, south to Nicaragua. In front of us was the Pacific Ocean with its lines of white breakers advancing on the dark volcanic horizons around us was the coastal plain with its lush landscapes—so fields of cotton and sugar cane. We could see two of the five great Salvadoran volcanoes, then slopes dark green with coffee plantations and jungle, then basin shaded by dense blue lakes. Below us to the north was the dry yellow landscape of the mountains that rose up to the Pacific on the border. It might have been to such a place that the Devil—according to St. Luke—took Christ to tempt him with all the kingdoms of the world.

My friend and I were not the only ones admiring the view. Climbing down the rock face to our car, we saw an anonymous couple proceeding in the shade of a bushes on the upper slope. Then, at the edge of the parking space, a few feet from the cliff, we saw three bandaged blood stains, a bloody pair of trousers, and a pair of shorts. The blood was still wet, the bodies had been buried by a current the day before.

The day before, we had gone to see Marisol Jaque Perales, the director of the human rights office of the archdiocese of San Salvador. A plump, matronly woman, she had visited our office wearing a dark-pink dress and carrying a big black handbag and a camera, and she had spoken to me慷慨地. Marisol had a doctorate in law. "Jim took an axe," she had said, holding up two photographs of a couple lying in the dirt, bloodied beyond recognition. "The wife was sick, and the man was all undressed. This morning I photographed three bodies found at Puerto del Diablo, buried in their twenties and a boy of fourteen. Their bodies had been looking for them since Sunday, when they were taken away, and they came to this office for help. The three had been taken by a group of people walking home from a fiesta in the village of San Juan Guatulapa. According to our sources, they were captured by a group of armed men, some in uniform, some in civilian clothes, and you made a pickup truck with them. They were bound with their thumbs tied together. They had been tortured before being shot through the head. Their ID cards had been taken, and one of the men had his face shot away to an

unrecognizable. But then they were left in a place where people would find them. That is what the whole Pacific litoral of El Salvador that extends north to Guatemala, south to Nicaragua. In front of us was the Pacific Ocean with its lines of white breakers advancing on the dark volcanic horizons around us was the coastal plain with its lush landscapes—so fields of cotton and sugar cane. We could see two of the five great Salvadoran volcanoes, then slopes dark green with coffee plantations and jungle, then basin shaded by dense blue lakes. Below us to the north was the dry yellow landscape of the mountains that rose up to the Pacific on the border. It might have been to such a place that the Devil—according to St. Luke—took Christ to tempt him with all the kingdoms of the world.

Looking down at the bloodstains on the ground and then again at the coastlands laid out before us, I remembered the conversation I had had with Rubén Zamora the night before. A周恩来 Deng Xiaoping the year and now the vice president of the Democratic Revolutionary Front (FDR),

On the heights of Puerto del Diablo, it was easy to imagine Central America as a board game. You could imagine the political forces of the region, color-coded from left to right.

"the Communists," but I thought it for my children anyway. They were playing with it one night when my son jumped up and said over to me: He had just eaten the Cuban Zamora card.

On the heights of Puerto del Diablo, it was easy enough imagining Central America as a board game. We could point toward the sun-bleached headquarters of El Salvador and mark out the areas of guerrilla strength as a United States military briefing had done for us on the wall map in his office. Nicaragua was out of sight, but it was easy to imagine the players and their movements: the Sandinista army units guarding the population centers and patrolling the roads while the contras walked the corridors from the Honduran border to the district of Chontales. On the same board you could imagine the political forces of the regions, color-coded from left to right, and the pieces representing the economic variables: U.S. aid, Soviet aid, and national GDP. You could even imagine the various national officials in Washington had worked for seven years to move those pieces around while their Democratic counterparts analyzed their strategies on much the same map.

But then to look away from the view to the bloodstains on the ground was to have that vision about accent disorder. It was to see that the only problem at the Devil's Game was imagining how a group of armed men could pick up two men and a boy, tie them down, and then drive twenty miles to dump their bodies at the most beautiful place in El Salvador.

JUST THE FACTS

We had *Entrevistas* with a strength lever in the press conference room. "I need U.S. embassy officials to leave me in February. He was referring to congressional delegations. "You can't imagine how many staff delegations there have been," he said. "Plus clandestine groups, human rights delegations, NGOs, journalists... " He sometimes raised off. But much the same place could be heard in every U.S. embassy in Central America.

From the point of view of some Democratic officials, Central America is far too accessible to the United States, and its agents far too close together. Every week at least one U.S. delegation is hopping from San Juan Minas, from San Salvador to Tegucigalpa or Guatemala City, switching



El Salvador, summer 1982

—within two days to consider. The flights between cities in Lent when the local air strips closed, that they all fly there; take only a half-hour flight, hardly long enough for tax collectors in lights out what space it will need land on the complex political agenda of the region. My own trip last winter was of relatively low velocity. Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Honduras in two weeks. Yet on those 10 days it seemed to me a veritable tour of horrific despotism: drug kingpin Mano Justa with her pink dress, her pink beret, and her blonde photographs in Army depots, well-fished and charming; along down the river port of El Salvador, three contra leaders walking through a household in Tegucigalpa by day the country and the river, just a half mile from the mountains and men who would do what the CIA calls Death City. Controlled from Austin, in San Salvador a tank bringing a train of fire in an earthquake tremor that suddenly also seemed to meister, had a mix with a machine gun guarding it. McDonalds, in Managua a staged demonstration of construction workers in a field where the downtown had once been, a former construction project of Neomex. Madoff & Joseph Papp, their down feathers to the wounded wings of Guatemala, the Hopkins back on the face of a compressed soldier after a counterattack.

To the traveler, Central America may seem to belong to the tragic actions of Los Altos. At the north, the them for Central American, the heart of life has taken a bizarre, mutated form, for the map they live in is to a great degree not of these people's hands. The game they play is more complicated than the board game, for has many levels, only one of which is presented in local realities. Central American, I often say to survivors, must pass from one level to another, like pieces on some fantastically three-dimensional chessboard. The result, occasionally, is tragic. The contra leaders, for example, only seemed to be in Tegucigalpa on the day of the coup and not in February, the Sandinista diplomatic partners they were not there and was speaking to the press, on the other hand, they were not living there, but there particularly to prove that they were not living in Managua; at most of them were not the consequences of the game are totally unclear.

The game has been going on for so long now that it is difficult to remember the points of departure and difficult to sum up

what has happened in these small countries. But clearly the Reagan administration has also it's own map of the region, probably in its own goals. In 1981 El Salvador was in the throes of a social revolution, with a new government in the cities, the guerrillas of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN) were planning a dual offensive against the government army and the various police and irregular forces associated with the oligarchy and the right. Since then, Washington has had the Salvadoran regular armed forces from a strength of 100 thousand to that of May

Trade in everything from blue jeans to Colombian cocaine has made fortunes for a few—not all of them
Hondurans—and raised corruption to a new order of magnitude

four thousand men and has nearly exhausted the country's military air power. With a continuation of brutal police repression in the cities and a military-style internal emergency (reinforced by the contras), the government forces put down the majority and, under the rubric of the guerrillas, took their military hold over a third of the country. With 60 to 80 thousand more under arms, the FMLN now operates throughout the country but has repressive a strategy of total war and now, using violence. But the war has taken a long toll in the economy, and US aid (half a billion in 1987) has been unable to exceed the faltering domestic budget. Now the major industry of the country, US multinational forces, are attempting to end it.

In Nicaragua the outcome seems more like another never-ending mystery over the go-contract, the Sandinista leadership seems to a strength of eighty thousand and ruling of more than one hundred thousand men and women that the regular defense forces and the revolution. Thus, unable to keep control of one of the sparsely populated areas, they educated some sort of thousands of people—a great many of them against them well. In a country of only 3 million, the difference was consider-

able. The Soviet Union provided a great deal of military aid—mostly in the form of hardware—but not enough economic aid to cover off a corner. By the beginning of the year, the inflation rate had risen to 90 percent in a single month, but with a short supply, and basic foodstuffs, such as cooking oil, were scarcely distributed. In such a situation it was very difficult to tell what the Sandinista revolution was or might have been.

Honduras—though it has not had a civil war—has also been altered. In the process of clearing up the government and creating a secure base for the miners, the United States poured in military and economic aid. Periodically it also sent in thousands of American troops to build roads, and availability to an amateur training centers. The Sandinista army, reasonably the dominant political force in the country, remained as it was then, but today is a far better trained and equipped than it was seven years ago. Also, it has a debt unpaid a loan developed by the CIA in the early 1970s to ensure the continuation of its rule and control of the borders between the Sandinista and the FMLN. But since used to control economic disaster. Honduras remains one of the least developed countries in Latin America, but the US support has brought new wealth to the elite. The upper classes have flourished along with import-export business. Trade in everything from Colombian black pants to Honduran and Colombian cocaine has made fortunes for a few people—but all of those Florida visitors and round trips are to a new order of magnitude. Honduran politics have not remained unaffected, as the cumulative impact of these overthrow has been to create a new distance between the participation of Honduran authorities and those of their Hondurans.

War has changed the political map of all three countries, but the nature of foreign intervention has made popular support for governments, parties, and particular groups more than usually difficult to estimate. Over the years Central America, whether they live in the cities or in the countryside of the countryside, have come to regard as much as national heroes to such heroes. These heroes are Soviets, Europeans, and Americans as well as others. These coming from the United States do not all come from the Reagan administration. In fact it is the very diversity of these forces that makes



El Salvador, fall 1987



Guatemala, summer 1987

political life we virtually complete-
ad—even for those who live in the most
remote villages.

SHADOW PLAYS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

At the military headquarters of the department of Colón in El Salvador, an army captain of 25,000, fed us coffee while the radio operators brought the colonel to ask permission for our small group to proceed past the army checkpoint. "We were going to a village deep in the countryside where some hundreds of Salvadorean citizens were residing, having recently returned from a refugee camp in Honduras. It was a Sunday day, and there were no U.S. military advisors to be seen. In the officers' club, several plumes from a visiting crew were set there, but no military advisors. Setting us at a table in the mess, the captain told us he was the brigade C.O., the staff officer in charge of psychological operations and civic actions, and that had been in the resettlement village to work for five. "I was there with 1000 loads of food. I even brought a marmalade jar, but with a mournful expression. The people there told me there couldn't be any of the members of their community from community council. This and there was no one with authority to accept the food. So I drove the truck back again."

As he spoke, the captain adjourned a sliver of his camouflage fatigue shirt so that his shoulder blades and a regulation-style sleeve showed the elbow. The sleeves revealed one of the issues I had heard much the same story from captains whom their officer in both roads, *SHRINK TOWERS*, *CAIRDFACE*, *ARMED MEN*.

The presentation finally came through, and we drove on into the loneliness of the country. Among my companions was Jessica Rose, a North American lawyer, and the representative of Americas Watch in El Salvador. She was going to the senior-most to investigate rumors of two markedly—apparently political, although that had occurred two weeks before. Also with us was a representative from a U.S. committee on refugees. From the past week it was an hour's back-breaking drive, over a track made largely of dry mudholes and boulders, to the and we arrived at a conglomeration of mud and mud-brick of a village where a small strong worked its way through the steep hills. The oligarchs,

to Rettir refugees, had put up temporary shacks and were using building houses out of wood and galvanized metal sheeting. A representative of the directorate came up to us as a middle-aged man with a lined brown face, Jesus—*at 1 I still call him*—who a white shirt and a tall pique pin to his pocket. Jesus' minders had left, but the rest of us sat down with Jesus at a rough wooden table and listened to him tell his story of what had happened to the community in seven years. In brief, what he told us was this. In 1980, seven thousand people from the region had been forced to flee the

Six armed men had come at
midnight and asked for her husband. He
had picked up his two-year-old
daughter. But the men had pulled the girl
away and dragged him out.

out of the constant bombing, and the
survivors. They had waited for three days
down the Grijalva River the border with El
Salvador, and had taken across the river with
machines, going along at shore from both
banks. "They are people had drowned. On
the other side, the Honduran army had
passed them, killing several of the men
and capturing others. After many weeks of
hostile and unsanitary conditions—the
Hondurans presented food only, least to give
them—*the remainder of them had been* discovered by international relief agencies
and transferred to a camp some miles inside
the Honduran border. It was a dry place
with virtually no arable land, but they had
lived there for six weeks, supported by the
United Nations High Commissioner's Of-
fice for Refugees. In January 1987, four
thousand of them had presented to return
to El Salvador, and finally in October the
government had capitulated and allowed them
to go back. A thousand of them had
stayed in this place. Now the Salvadorean
authorities were giving them food and
accommodation and they could sent enough
land to farm and sustain themselves.

When I asked who the community did
not accept food from the army the week
before, Jesus said, "Well, the army wanted
to give the kind of individual families, and
this we could not accept. But when we
asked them to put it into the communal
warehouse, the soldiers said we couldn't
tell them what to do and took it away. We
and when we came here this we would
be instruments of the government or of the
FMLN. The government people thought
we would be a burden, but we bring a value
to a system of government funds."

When I asked Jesus what he knew of the
killings Jones had talked about, he said he
knew little about the violence, as he had
been in San Salvador at the time. He had
heard that the army had come around with
a machine gun during the day, and that
that night four men were taken away.
One was dead, another had
disappeared, and was probably dead, and the two others had
come back but then left again
quarrel without saying what had
happened. He did not know these
men very well, he said, as they had
been repositioned at a different
time and had come to the unit
time after the rest.

"Walking through the village
men to look for Jesus. I came
across a young North American
who, to my surprise, said he had
been living with the refugees for
some months. He had been with
Catholic Relief Services and was now
working for the archdiocese of San Salvador.
We talked about the community, and he
too, too, said he knew little about the
violence that had occurred. Not long after-
ward, as I was talking with a refugee
family, a middle-aged North American
woman walked up and addressed the group
around me in Spanish. "She said she was
from Missouri and, yes, a nun. She had
arrived the day before and had just visited
Jesus in the "guarantine" and the shock
like the rest—and would be taking up her
duties the next day."

When I finally caught up with Jesus,
he had already interviewed a number of
people, including the widow of the dead
man. Now she was talking with the wife of
the man presumed dead, a beautiful young
woman with a baby in her arms and
two small children playing around her on
the dirt floor of the shack. The beautiful
woman was obviously pregnant, and she
was weeping quietly. She turned over, she
said, had come to the house in midnight
and had asked for her husband by name,
her husband had picked up his two year-
old daughter and run in the bush, holding
her close to him. For the men had pulled the
girl away, beaten her and dragged her inside
the house. The old man had been killed
in his bed—she had heard the shot. The



Nicaragua, summer 1986



Nicaragua, summer 1986

armed men had identified themselves as the FMLN.

Of course there was no way to know for certain what had happened, but all the evidence James had collected pointed to the same answer: that the armed men were FMLN guerrillas having done informers for them—and that quite possibly they had found their marks.

But if this were the case, then we, the North American visitors, had spent our days in the midst of anathema—despise, threats, pressurized by people who were otherwise innocent citizens. The army captain who had met us had played the role of a concerned “poor accent” officer—when all the while he had believed that the spin padres of the villagers lay with the guerrillas. (In the command, all refugees were patently guerrilla sympathizers—or they would not have been bombed out in the first place.) Delivering the load, the captain may never have asked us to see a member of the diaspora, but if he had, the villagers had presumed they could not find anyone to accept the tag “guerrilla” the army exacts a quiet price. Now they were pressed to us that they knew little about the killings. Two or perhaps four men in the village had presented themselves as being members—but, unfortunately for them, not enough. The brutal, growing masses had told their truth above the men who had seen it at multiple, but she was pretending not to blurt her neighbors’ fate for the convenience of her life. Then, the North American in the village was going about their work acting as if the “blacks” did not concern them.

In fact, as we discovered later, a North American woman—the man’s preferable—who had been in the village the night the men were taken away, had awakened and run down the dark road after the gunshots. She had pleaded with them to release their captives—but in vain. The anathematised had subsequently been informed of the killings, and in human rights officer had investigated them and come to the same conclusion James had. However, no one in the village trusted us with this information. Such is the desperate theater of survival in El Salvador.

A part of this drama was, of course, all too familiar: it was the disappearance that is prompted by pressure from all over the world who want live in the domain of brute military force. The role of the captain was formidable enough to me: it was written in the

sole book of United States conservative压
guerrilla doctrine and was in this case a blood
war play acted by the invisible U.S.
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The church groups and human rights
organizations have hardly had their way in
Central America. In El Salvador over two
thousand soldiers and revolutionaries died in
the war. In half a million have been officially
labeled as displaced people within their own
country, and probably a million have fled abroad.
Malaria rates are widespread—and often
from some reservoir of the old ones of death
in intestinal infections. In Nicaragua,
health conditions are generally
somewhat better, but perhaps a
quarter million people have been
displaced—including the thousands
who live in refugee camps in Honduras
and, in country, two
thousand people are said to have
died in the war. Still, these figures
would certainly be higher were it
not for the aid of “international
guerrillas,” probably, and for the moral
and political pressure they bring to bear on the armed forces of the
region and on Washington. Once
again, however, their presence
means cold death.

Father Enrique Blasón, a Nicaraguan
in his thirties, met us in the lobby of the
Intercontinental Hotel in Managua. A di-
rector priest, he looked like a middle-
weight boxer and spoke with a rapid fire
intensity. That morning he had come down
from his church at Walkers in the mountain
region of 2600 m.s. 160 pounds, he told us, composed of a small rural, cooperative
community. In addition there are some
branches of other North American and for-
eigners (as well as working for other foreign
human rights organizations, and solidarity
groups). You can find “the internationals,”
as they are called, in the capitals, but also in
the most minor villages—not caring for
living there for months or years at a time.
They are distributing food, writing, giving
technical help with plant diseases, managing
a parish, investigating what falls into the
category of “human rights violations,”

MORAL SUPPORT

El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Hon-
duras, there are now some thousands
of foreign church workers, Catholics
and Protestants, from Europe and the
United States. Most of them have strong
connections to the local churches, and in
the case of the Catholics, many, if not the
majority, work directly for the local
authorities. In addition there are some
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living there for months or years at a time.
They are distributing food, writing, giving
technical help with plant diseases, managing
a parish, investigating what falls into the

category of “human rights violations,”

and helping witness to the horrors of war.
Yet their role is that of a complaining
factor that arises in military and political
equations. The man in the resettlement vil-
lage could spend his days doing nothing,
but convincing children and training gam-
ines and medicinal diseases, but he would
inevitably be acting as a hostage to the life
of the village, a willing hostage who acts
in a check on the army and the FMLN.

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organizations have hardly had their way in



You can find the “internationals” in the
villages, distributing food, investigating
what falls into the category of
“human rights violations,” and bearing
witness to the horrors of war.

Independently of United States or government
authorities or whose representatives were
not the committed areas of the counter-junta

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LARRY TOLKIE

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year-over-year sales event in the history of
the 8th anniversary edition of the
8th greatest-sounding CD ever made
for the most popular and most-revered rock
and roll artists. And available in your choice of digital
compact discs, double-length character cases
and unique vinyl audiophile records.

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single year, and every selection is in the
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new stars.

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selection. You'll have 22 rock masterpiece
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misses. We Got to Scream and Cher has her 1
st. I Got You Babe and The Lovin' Spoonful's
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hits by: The Four Tops, The Righteous Brothers,
Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs, The Miracles,
The Beach Boys, The Kinks, The Supremes,
Wilson Pickett, The Bee Gees, The McCoys,
Wilson Lewis and more!

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Date _____

fragile democracies."

In Nicaragua, an embattled urban liberal protestant, the situation is quite different. There the Sandinista party has dominated the government since 1979, and though elections have been held, it has shown no real interest in stepping out of office. At least until recently. Possibly this was because the Sandinistas actually took power by themselves and actually rule the country.

There are of course other differences among the three governments. There are also great differences between the guerrilla groups. U.S. embassy officials would not deny this. Yet these differences cannot be expressed in the broad terms of the administration, and in fact most North American politicians have chosen to use this. Thus for instance, as these differences matter a great deal to Leonel Amanzon, I asked, they are in large part what the lightning is—it was original to—of all about.

Of course, North Americans can never possibly grasp the meaning of my particular response after a few days of talking with officials. As in many parts of the world the officials delegated to talk to them are sophisticated people, with some prestige in the diplomatic area and who in course quite approve the "moderate" as opposed to the "hardliner" view. Yet in Central America the diplomats are compromised, for many of these people know that the United States maintains many local links and using his or her American connections, Sandinista diplomats are particularly inept, and rather better educated than their average peers. Sergio Ramírez, the vice president of Nicaragua, is, for example, a first rate novelist, Vilmos Feliz, the vice minister of defense and former general of the Hungarian communists, has a PhD in history from Harvard. The problem for the diplomats is not just that such people know how to deal with North Americans rather better than our version, it is simply that they do not represent the full range of their counterparts. Rather it is that their relationships to the United States and to their own countries are complex and emotionally charged. For one, it is at bottom a question of identity.

In El Salvador I talked with Arnaldo Calderon Sol, the Army deputy who in March was elected mayor of San Salvador. At the time he was in the middle of an electoral campaign that no one thought he could win, as the Christian Democrats had controlled the city for twenty-four years

and Arana was considered in the words of the San Salvadorians with the oligarchs and death squads. U.S. officials, however, maintained that Arana was now run by conservative businessmen who believed in a rule of law.

In his office in the National Assembly building, Calderon Sol opened the window and Arana was welcomed in the winds of the San Salvadorians with the oligarchs and death squads. U.S. officials, however, maintained that Arana was now run by conservative businessmen who believed in a rule of law.

When I asked Calderon Sol what the "democratic structures" might include, he said, "Liberty is so large it includes even those who are against liberty."

viewed as "North Americans," he said, "and I am a child of the conservative view." But I am not a conservative—I don't like that word—I am a liberatory in my ideas. He proceeded to denounce the neo-nationalization of the Central American Bank, the "bête noire" of the oligarchy—and in general, the excesses of the left. However, United States military advisors had been sent, had proved disastrous, while the country of El Salvador, he said, was more military and less civilian than from U.S. military advisors. He then talked about the importance of reestablishing the rule of law and of subjecting the armed forces to civil control. He concluded that as a result of "external pressure" the country had made progress in the creation of "democratic structures" and in the area of human rights... though it was still not a democracy. When I asked him whether the "democratic structures" might include those that now supported the FMLN, he said, "Liberty is so large it includes even those who are against liberty." But he added that if these who supported the guerrillas actually vot-

ed, their numbers would be so small that they would elect no more than one or two deputies to the Assembly.

What all of this added up to was not yet really clear. Calderon Sol had insisted on the importance of establishing the rule of law. On the other hand, when the armed forces had last taken orders from the right—without any U.S. interference—they had been a bloodbath in the city. Then, too, the strength at the left in El Salvador was probably rather greater than he suggested. At the national university just a few blocks away, the walls of all the buildings I walked through were covered from top to bottom with freshly painted murals celebrating the FMLN. But then the soldiers walking between classes with books under their arms showed no more sign of morale than Arnaldo Calderon Sol had said.

FROM ALL SIDES

Visitors to Central America are often asked to keep an open mind. I have done so for some years. I found it easy, as well, to encounter these in civilian organizations that literally oppose the systems of government. In Honduras, for example, there are two very small opposition parties, composed mainly of urban intellectuals. In El Salvador, there are a variety of various, conservative organizations, and student groups. In Nicaragua, there have for a long time been four major opposition political parties representing ideologies ranging from upper-middle-class conservatism to libertarian Marxist-Leninism. And in all three countries there are nongovernmental human rights groups. Many of these organizations are run by well-educated and extremely thoughtful people who can give cogent critiques of their governments. Their governments, however, believe themselves otherwise. But then, so does the United States government in Honduras and El Salvador. The embassy building paper for Honduras, for example, notes that the Christian Democratic party stresses "that the [local] does not reject violent change," while the Committee for the Defense of Human Rights is "chaired by a progressive Marxist soldier" and, with the Families of Disappeared Persons, "maintains a list of alleged disappearances... [and] seeks to exploit the issue of human rights for political reasons."

Indeed, the circumstances, in other words, prove that these groups have managed to

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IN THE WORKSHOP OF

ROBBIE ROBERTSON

A Mouth Place

Ask Robbie Robertson what he's been up to lately, and he'll roll his eyes. "I was doing a lot of work in films... and I can't say about *plains*." But when he starts describing his sprawling studio workshop, it's containing "only the bare essentials," plain eloquence begins to set in. "This is the noise and you're likely to get the imperfections back the guitars' great guitar-travers reserves for the critics. After too many years in the business, he's learned what it takes to do his job. "For years I wrote all night long, in darkness. I would just stand there, not pulling teeth, holding my hand against the table. But this time, when the songs started to flow again, instead of clutching himself into a small corner alone in the garage, he checked closely into the studio where he labored for two years. "Some writing sessions have been recorded in this room." He's not bad—*say, Charles, B. B. King, Mr. Stone*. And if anything, less than that studio would have kept him from adding his own uses, say well-timed comebacks, ala *Death at 40*, then, indeed, the place is essential.

But it is a different type of art whose presence is discernible in Robertson's art these days. For while he was lying low, he became a collector of modern American

Indian art. To his left hangs a piece by Darren Vigil, a young artist known southwestern bison of Tiwa, and behind that one by Antonio and C. J. Wells. In the past everybody left a lot of gush about the Indian people. But in these young artists, I get a very strong, dignified feeling. "In the wood you hear the Canadian roar. But what has scared you is revealed that he himself is half Inca. He's cautious about his connection to the movement though. "I'm a heretic," he says. "These people are all blood. I don't want to be wrapping someone like a flag."

When you ask about the guitars, fatigue creeps into his voice. "Yeah, I've got guitars in there, I've got guitars upstairs, you know, a guitar box, a guitar store." But he keeps his favorites here, the Stratocaster he had borrowed for *The Last Waltz*, a rare double-necked Gibson, guitar mandolins and the old Broadcaster he picked up before the band's '74 tour with Dylan.

Otherwise, the parlor is two albums' worth of emptiness. However, it's a room whose songs are scattered in the earth: finds any time in a windowless box in the middle of a sprawling, verdant acre. But for 8½ years you just have only to sit before his cedar wood, not agitate and let bring the whole, concert crashing down. For the guitars continue in his writing, not the paintings, nor the guitars, nor the aura of Indian art, but the later, with this silence, an inescapable reminder of the tension that brings him here. "It's something to do with atmosphere," he finally says. "It has nothing to do with imagination." And for all your results, could you have expected anything else?



WOMEN WE LOVE... WOMEN WE DON'T

Check out the Grid

Upset the Immortal

Marilyn the One and Only

Venus the Aficio



now looks and sculpted lips, and intense, yes, and brazen, and flesh. We want to see women that live. We want to own them all, and we'll even leave our maniacal imprint on the henhouse this time. Because you don't live through—you don't—thirty years in witness of the greatest social revolution in history without seeing up some fairly heartfelt convictions about women. And they need to be expressed. They do. It's better than keeping them inside, okay? ¶ Of course, the latter isn't about all this in that men have

Who do we think we are? God? Baby Bradley? Where do we get all putting together a list like this? What are women, sooner or later? What are we, *Consumer Report*? ¶ But look, we know what we're in for: We've already found it with the chick across the hall who couldn't understand, couldn't get her lousy one-track mind around the concept of something like grace, like short grace, who thinks—and he actually said this—that Whitney Houston's voice can hold a candle to

her mother's. Another guy is still blasting her for padding out a few posts back. And let's not even talk about what the women in the office are saying. What's this thing they all have for Katherine Hepburn? (Not that we can't appreciate a good dame in from Connecticut.) ¶ We told them all who we'll talk to! Hey—it's our list. You can make up your own. Ours is filled with golden-hued



always disguised about women. Take the Venus de Milo. Model of female beauty! Get off it, Jack. She's an a**hole. We should spend one whole bid dragging her around! Or look at Joan of Arc. True, we're a yearning bunch in women (remember Patricia Neal in *Happy*), but Joan, in the end, was pure martyr, and we meet too many of those in New York as it is. ¶ On some women, of course, all men agree: Madeline Sawyer, Anna Karenina, all the great Disney—Miley, Buckingham, and Mae. But let's face it: They're fictional. Same in *Integral*, *Bogeyan*, *Catherine Deneuve*, and *Marilyn Monroe*. ¶ In 1988, a good person is hard to find, but great, intense, golden, honey, strange women are not. Are we willing to take the eternal vow with each and every one of them? Will we even feel the same way about them tomorrow? No guarantees. But we love them this minute. Mighty. They have, in varying measures, the qualities we crave: sex and power and grace and glamour and mystery and depth. ¶ On the following pages, we give you the fifty-two women we love (as well as twelve who should get out of our face and stay out of our face) and (only in the history section, boys!) our first Annual Women of the Year. ¶ Read on.





ANN MARGRET
Actress

If Barber goes up,
showed some leg, and knew
how to sing, she'd know
she would have a career out



BROOKE ASTOR
Philanthropist

Old style, Old money.
Old clothes. She's never the
one to rock the boat in style.



KATHLEEN BATTLE
Diva
In another era, she would
have had a decent career after
her. One web famous.

WOMEN WE LOVE 1988

The definitive selection!
Hallelujah!



BETSY CARTER
Editor of New York Woman

The last editor who was a pain
at the meetings—gave the press
up, brought all her girlfriends
over for cocktails and cocktails,
and came to understand you
better than anybody.



ROZ CHAST
Cartoonist

Her Miss America cartoons
(oops, dittoed)
help make up her readers
that are, well, tea bags.



SUSAN BUTCHER
Dog-sledder

Any woman who comes
right across 3000 miles in
a dog sled, two hours,
by mistake, and doesn't
second-guess every
one she meets to death



JOAN CUSACK
Actress

The last actress to
have legroom on a
plane to China



CHER
Singer

What great! Those alt! That
magnificent voice!
And now, oh, the sheer
hard trouble to do
what she does well, phew.



EMMANUELLE STATT
Shepherdess

You never see Emmanuel! Man, what! But we wouldn't mind
being the older goat in her herd.



KITTY KEHRLE
Running Mate

Tough runner. Smart,
daring, strong. Some of her
best "no's" are more
interesting than her husband's.



OLYMPIA DUKAKIS
Actress

A lot more interesting
than her cousin.



DOLLY PARTON
Singer

At ninety-four, she's still
hot. We should look so strong.



MARTHA GRAHAM
Dancer

At ninety-four, she's still
hot. We should look so strong.



JENNIFER GREY
Dancer

The girl just never aged
to lady because
she was always out on the
town, grandstanding,
some good-looking guy-hunting.



RAQUEL WELCH
Blow-up Lady

Get a new measure to the
world. Raquel, darling.



TIPPER GORE
First Lady

So she's the first First
Lady. Big fucking deal.



MELANIE GRIFFITH
Actress

So she's the first First
Lady. Big fucking deal.



JEAN GUMP
Actress

Dressed at the same
thing going on, for the down
is another weekend would
serve her mother children better
than taking control of us
Now we're first to fight in
the federal government.



BARBARA JORDAN
Legal Scholar

If you're McDonald's had
picked her instead of Gore
Ferraro, Ed Meir
would never have been
America's First Lady.



GLORIA ESTEFAN
Singer

How do you say, "We'll be in the dark for bathroom
in Portuguese?"



BARBARA JORDAN
Former UNICEF Ambassador
Put on your seat belt
in the bus.



ETTY BOSTON
Gospel Singer

Is there any doubt
that this woman has a direct
line to the Lord?
And that he rewards her efforts



HOLLY HUNTER
Actress

Keeps an eye on Buddha
and blows a whistle on the
black bus every time
they try something dirty



HOLLY HUNTER
Actress

In her next movie,
she joins the Marquis and
Marrylebone some ma



KELLY KLEIN
Fashion Consultant

Robin Hayes. Within
darkness private. And nothing
comes between her and her Cadillacs.



JACKIE JOYNER
KERSEE
Athlete

The best, we'd go for
the whole nine yards—if we
could just keep up.



ALICE KRANDA
Homeowner

Never asked her husband to
lose weight, never complained
about his salary, and never
laughed at his taxman cap. Oh
c'est la femme d'aujourd'hui!



PRINCESS YASMIN
AGA KHAN
Activist

She could've replied for
not being rich
and gorgeous. She didn't



ANNE SOFIE MUTTER
Violinist

Zing on the strings of our hearts



SANDRA DAY
O'CONNOR
Supreme Court Justice



SANDRA DAY
O'CONNOR
Supreme Court Justice

Nowhere near as bad as
we had every right to think the



MADONNA
Musician

In spite of everything,



SANDRA DAY
O'CONNOR
Supreme Court Justice

Hot-messing.



PAUL POSTEMA
Emcee

A woman who works and
chores the place!



GRETNA SEACREST
Tommy

Frequently referenced in
"Winter Blasted,"
a truly godawful movie.
Don't mention it.



PATTI SCIALFA
Back to the Room

Play the face of your best
friend a little more,
Barbra-style, legs, and jeans
after these Rover jets
and then wear them down.



PEGGY SIEGAL
Author/Host

You can't go around her,
you can't go over her, you can't
go through her.



ELISABETH SIFTON
Publishing Executive

Who's older adores make their
movies with tiny blue
pencils, Kemp's Action makes
him by chomping books of
guitar and coffee.



LIZ SMITH
Gossip Queen

If we must be found out, we'll
prefer to be found out by her.



RUTH TAYLOR
Queen Bee of the Silver

When you least have time,
there's some stamping going on.



GINA TOTENBERG
NPR Correspondent

She found the smoking
gun in, um, Eric
Ginsburg.



ROBIN GIVENS TYSON
Actor's Wife

Padre a wedding



**KATRINA VANDEN
HEUVEL**
Journalist

The Nation's resident
expert on Soviet and American
weapons systems.

Desires to tell on a green
leather armchair.
We say, "Da, hoh."



TINA HEYMOUTH
Talk Show Host

Proves that a nice, pretty, shy
young woman from a good
family who's raising a couple
of swell kids in the '80s
Commerce can really
sell her down the bazaar.



DEBRA WINGER
Wife and Mother

How can you keep 'em down
on the kitchen after they've
shopped? Tim Burton!



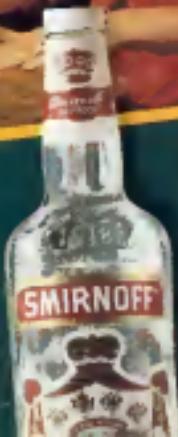
BARBARA MINTZ
For Princess

At last! A Princess we'd like to
get to know better!



Friends are worth Smirnoff

Good friends and good rock 'n' roll never go out of style.
And neither does the classic taste of Smirnoff Vodka. In making this
smooth, delicious tasting vodka, that's why Smirnoff is the world's
favorite vodka. Friends are worth nothing less.



16. She looks soft, but she plays rough.

16. She has breeding, but she has fight.

16. She was born in North Carolina, but she now breathes D.C.

16. She was Queen of the May at Duke, but she was also Phi Beta Kappa.

16. She worked for Lyndon Johnson, but she worked for Ronald Reagan.

16. She was Secretary of Transportation, but she quit to campaign for her husband, Bob.

16. She's utterly open about her ambitions, but she keeps all the rest of herself away.

16. And it's these contradictions, and these many facets, that make Liddy Dole her own woman.

16. So make her George Bush's running mate.

16. She'd give dimension to a cardboard candidate. If she were a heart-beat away from him, it just might assure us that his heart was beating.

16. Let her get closer to the second-highest office than Gerry Ferraro ever could.

16. And if Bush-Dole loses, then watch Liddy land on her own two feet.

16. And guess which direction she'll run in next.



ESQUIRE'S WOMAN OF THE YEAR, 1988
ELIZABETH HANFORD DOLE



WOMEN WE DON'T LOVE

1988

*The best of the worst.
The pick of the litter. But, hey,
we're just the messenger*



MISS AMERICA
Whoever She May Be

May best and worst light
your way and fill your dreams

SHERIE RITE
Social Scientist

Shut up and show us
your research



NELLY
Co-owner of Nelly's

It's crowded, it's smelly,
and we have no pay tele calls
in private.



**MARY BETH
WHITEHEAD GOULD**
Mommy Dearest

Quick, call the Coast;
she's having contractions
every thirty seconds.



FERGIE
Duchess of York



MARLO THOMAS
Moony Dearest

Shut up and show us
your research



MARGE SCHOTT
Dog Owner

Her mom gets a longer look
than her general manager



BARBARA WALTERS
Ask her

General Noreaga, is it still
possible to be a true broadway?



MARGIE THATCHER
"Soy" "Tory" "Tory"

Beegan with both



LEAH REMINI
Home Design

Follow me in
public wagons



SHIRI APPLEBY
Crucie

Call us crazy, but we
got the feeling we found her
in another life

CARRIE LEIGH
Depicted Shamer

Her judgmental stat
against life changed that
he emerged on a promise
to forget his species forever!



WOMEN WE
USED TO LOVE
WHAT, WHERE
WE CRAZY?

LISA BONET

BARBARA BUSH

JANE CURTIN

WHOOPY GOLDBERG

WHITNEY HOUSTON

BIANCA JAGGER

SHELLEY LONG

CBILL SHEPHERD

BARBRA STREISAND

AND ONE
WOMAN WE JUST
PLAIN DON'T
UNDERSTAND

LEE RADZ



REEBOKS LET U.B.U.

Reebok 



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byblos

BERGDORF GOODMAN
New York, NY

THEODORE
Beverly Hills, Beverly Center and Newport, CA

ULTIMO
Chicago, IL

MATTHEW ROLSTON

The Expansive European Selection

Simple. Strong. No Gimmicks

The message from Europe is loud and clear

N

a radical experimentation. No luxury colors. No flights of de
signer ego. No change for change's sake. No bells, no whistles,
no nonsense.  That's what you'll get down from Europe's
most important men's wear designers. But don't think for a moment that
all these "no's" add up to a negative. Far from it. When Europe's Italian
designers went to the showcases of Paris and Milan this year, we liked
what we saw, and also what we discovered in our investigation of design
trends for the coming year.  **Autumnal colors.** French designers seem
particularly drawn to strong yet mellow hues that evoke autumn tones:
burnt orange, terracotta, and earthy shades of brown.  **Stable colors**

more. Last year it was time, it seemed that everything was back toward a culture of black. This year you'll see less black in European clothing and a lot of complementary shades with different earth tones. From the Italians, for example, you'll find cream and beige with brown. From the French, a little more contrast—a deep purple with brown, or a cranberry red with charcoal gray—but not a muddied, muddled effect.  **Stylish conservatism.** The absence of radical innovation this year may be a result, at least in part, of the dollar's current
weakness. The Europeans can't afford to take so many chances as they once did. But perhaps

what we're seeing is, more important, a function of maturity: the major designers have found the look they
want for now and are intent on refining it. This year's designs consolidate the best of what has gone
before.  **Softness.** Here to stay: the easy look. No shoulder pads that could double as landing
stripes. No serrated or lace. Rather, an
clothing.  In the following pages, you'll
find European. Use these tips of the hat
guide your own wardrobe decisions. City
wear from Milan, just about everything



From Paris: An Urban Manifesto

Men's colors...

Women's colors...
to contrast and mark the New Easy in outfitting

Chesnut cashmere
single-breasted sport jacket
(\$445), by Theory
Major Yellow cashmere
cardigan (\$360), by
Saint Laurent Paris
Silk tie by Reverendo
Woman's clothing by
Tonic de Cole



The traditional repartee
are slightly constrictive and hard
and less comfortable
than this one, which hangs like a
bathrobe. Beige cashmere
single-breasted coat (\$1,200), by
Lanvin. Woman's
clothing by Jean Paul Gaultier



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Congress



*What do you wear
when the weather is changing?*

*Consider a sport jacket
heavy enough to keep you warm*

*Gray wool-blend
four-button jacket with
pockets (left) and
chambray wool trousers (\$315), by
Issey Miyake*

*Brooks Brothers
cashmere cardigan
(right), by
Saint Laurent Rue du
Faubourg*

*Gray melton wool-blend
jacket (left), by
Claude Montana (opposite). Brown
leather-and-tulle skirt
(\$395) and suede pumps (\$115), by
Saint Laurent Rue
du Faubourg*

*Grey Cashmere
jacket (right), by
Tibi. Women's clothing
by Zara*



Open-collared and
cotton sugar-brested sport
jacket (\$1,000);
fringe cashmere ribbed polo
sweater (\$1,160);
and wool trousers (\$325), by
Valentino Couture





The model is wearing the double-breasted sport jacket and trousers can be styled up with an unusual belt. Baggy wool coat and all-black parka (left); wool jacket and jeans (right). Linen wool trousers (top); and white cotton shirt (far right), George Armani.

Seated single-breasted down and wool coat (far left), by Cerruti.
Wool double-breasted sport jacket (blouson), by Salvatore Ferragamo. Baggy polo sweater (far right), by Versace.
Woman's clothing by Zuhair.



Scouting
funds
Almond packer
Russia
permitted
Mark

Dressed-up opinions
wear (supposed) hats for
country as well as
the town. (See "The
Country" *ibid.*)
Students write by pen,
-> Professors write by
calculator using electronic
keyboards. (See "The
Country" *ibid.*)

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Who's Really In Control?



Consort. Total Control For A Winning Style.

PREVIOUS CONSORT CONTROL PITCHER AWARD WINNERS

AMERICAN LEAGUE	IP	ERA	RATING	ERA	RATING	WALKS	RATING	IP	ERA	RATING
1997 Roger Clemens	305	2.97	127.00	1.75	128.95	2.05	125.00	3.15	125.95	125.00
1998 Roger Clemens	303	2.84	128.00	1.93	129.75	2.37	125.00	3.45	125.95	124.00

NATIONAL LEAGUE	IP	ERA	RATING	ERA	RATING	WALKS	RATING	IP	ERA	RATING
1997 Steve Bedrosian	206	3.36	125.00	3.55	128.00	3.39	125.75	11.15	128.00	124.00
1998 Mike Scott	202	3.10	122.00	3.34	128.75	3.32	125.75	11.05	128.00	124.00

CONSORT CONTROL 2000

See these as a reward for a season of winning.

© 1998 Alberto-Culver

FIRST PERSON

You can't be the fly Wingo forever. Mr. Wingo, dead now for forty-seven years, had to accept this. I'm having some trouble. At age thirty-three, after you've effectively deflated all dreams of playing professional baseball to show standups on softball fields, it's something of a dream to get a call one day from wrist bracelet John Stylin asking if you want to be fly Wingo in a movie about the 1919 World Series, the so-called Black Sox Scandal.

I used to be a catcher. In fact, during one of my little league games a scout for the Detroit Tigers gave his card to my father.

That's it, I thought. I'm on my way. We never saw him again. A few years later, on a hot summer night at some batwing edges in Lake George, New York, my father pumping quarters into the fast-pitch machine as I watched baseballally, a scout for the Pittsburgh Pirates happened by. I must have thought back then that scouts were everywhere, dawdling about on the periphery of a kid's hopes. This particular fellow looked a little drunk and alone in life. He popped his arms up on the cage, watched awhile, and addressed himself. "Your boy has a nice swing," he said, and then he invited me to a September tryout somewhere in

Charles Siebert is a poet and journalist, and a frequent contributor to *Esquire*.

It's the 1919 World Series. And Catching for the Reds Is Yours Truly

A former little leaguer gets the call. So what if it's only a movie?

by Charles Siebert



*He called
me fly Wingo—
playing a
small part in a
big scandal
that nearly did
him himself*

*way. We never saw him again. A few years
later, on a hot summer night at some
batwing edges in Lake George, New York, my
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me to a September tryout somewhere in*

Charles Siebert is a poet and journalist, and a frequent contributor to *Esquire*.



We had to overcome our old-time baseball gloves. They looked like hands run over by a steamroller and were about as responsive.

Joseph Knapp knew from the feeling that that guy had been offering depuis en action. All week on the streets of Lake George, or perhaps my brother you understood the vast distance between that night and a day in the sun, but there's no cap to Jersey that summer, and in the years following, the screen just stopped appearing.



Chicago from upper left: James Knapp, Mike Rutherford, David Aronovitz, Poetry Lang, D. B. Sweeney, John Goodman, Charlie Sheen, and Sean Hayes (center).



Bottom: Andrew (second from left) and Eddie Cicotte (center).

Then, some fibrous penis later, John Saylor phoned the kid and I was on a softball field, and suddenly I could claim that all the time I'd wasted had a long-term benefit which finally passed the ball he was waiting for. I knew there was no way into the big leagues other than through a dead catcher's pat I could open up the *Baseball Encyclopedia* and find myself: Wings, by Bresler, born 1890 in Coopersburg, Georgia. He spent seventeen years in the majors, mostly with the Cincinnati Reds, playboyish, fat-lid farts, and had a side business buying averages—a solid, evolving career in the exciting world of professional baseball.

Of course, all those seasons didn't an field squat. I read somewhere else that Wings was part of a wild, wild tour of travel and exile to introduce baseball to other lands, and during a stopover in Tropic, it is said, he became the first person to drive a baseball over the Pyramids. And then there was that one year he and the Reds played in the one and only eight members of the Chicago White Sox. Throw away, along with this career, for some game-blown money, a world tour, mostly around the young American pastime. All of that is just as stochastic as a bunch of numbers in any mixed bunch. I could save a page and save her dad to do the Sox, then, how many games he played by, his batting average. But a note after being Wings in the Sun, which Saylor based on Eliot Aarons's book *Eight Men Out*, that I could have to snag one more for his about it. It was his only World Series, and bought a victory for his team, who was a ruined one, a pair of his life that Wings, sans his account, did not want to discuss, still might not understand and might well only tell me later to keep his fingers behind the back. At season's end, even of the White Sox, and the manager's made to re-enter it, Wings's was a small pull and a quiet one, but behind it all where he stood it's a catcher's position, the character and power at baseball, he's the only player who looks out at all the others and leaves without

It's a great conspiracy story," said Saylor. "In a lot of ways it's a story of fifth grader rat-on-the-blackboard because they controlled the game. Well, they control certain things on the field but not the game, the bigger one that the owners, the owners, and the players play. The power they had on the field is an illusion."

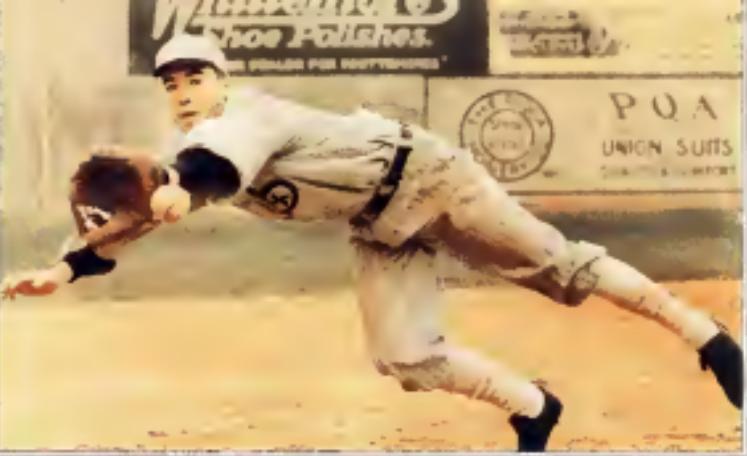
But for us, this first day in Indianapolis was a welcome cleanse, a high-and-dry kind of a history class, like watching home movies of a former life that didn't become real until your character appeared on screen. We saw Hank Wren, the legendary hard-louser for the Sox, learned the game's developing up to the Sox because he knew of the fix and nothing. There was Shibeless Joe Jackson, an otherwise small-town southerner with the third-best glove hitting average in the history of the game, who got

Early in the project, Saylor held a meeting of all the half-baked actors up in his room. He sat by a TV holding the VCR remote, sending and receiving his way through tapes of baseball's early days, highlighting the characters and events in the sounds. On a coffee table were some copies of the much-treasured *except Saylor* five years eleven years ago while trying to teach his women the moves.

"It's not," Saylor was saying, "just a simple story." He went on to explain that big players didn't care about our unshaded greed so those the Sox for money than more of their never saw. The team was half-undressed and often measured by White Sox owner Charles Comiskey, making them ripe targets for predators, who were no stronger in baseball back then. From this point on, the story becomes a baseball series of double crosses and plants gone awry. The small-time gamblers tried to cheat the ball players and our neighbors out of their money, while gambling kingpin Arnold Rothstein made his biggest kill and remained above the law. There were more investigations into the second following season, during which Comiskey postured publicly about wanting the trade while working madly behind the scenes to conceal his players' actions and save his franchise. One of the eight players involved before a grand jury, and they were all eventually brought to trial, but through some underhanded backroom dealings between Comiskey and Rothstein, and with the help of some Chicago underworld lawyers, the players were acquitted. Shortly afterward, however, a new baseball commissioner, hired by Comiskey and his like, was elected in a vote of their colleagues for the integrity of the game, and sold with his mandate and he himself the eight players from one ball for life.

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pressed into the film by its major orderer, fine baseball Chick Gandil. For years after that, Jackson kept trying to work back into the big leagues by playing for minor league teams under assumed names, but his talents always exposed him. Eddie Collins, the best second baseman of his day, flashed across the series with the previous hitting price of an old-time player on old film. And there was catcher Ray Schalk and pitcher Eddie Cicotte and Lefty Williams, all names that rarely ascend in the mind of any boy who grows up loving baseball.

It occurred to me that there's not much difference between having the players in a World Series and portraying them some seventy years later. In both instances the end result is known at the outset. It's one of the lasting tragedies of the 1913 film that the honest face players were denied a chance and the Reds denied a sensational victory. Still, no one was really monitoring the events of 1913 that day. We know that the Red Sox were playing baseball for a few months, and while the shape of the gloves and bats and the makeup of the ball and the players' contracts have all changed in the seventy years since, there's also obviously an element in playing the game that's the same in all of us.

But before we left, Saylor wanted us to leave a cold wet of moving and taking off the field that the players of 1913 had. He showed us the movie *City for Conquest* still, no one was really monitoring the events of 1913 that day. We know that the Red Sox were playing baseball for a few months, and while the shape of the gloves and bats and the makeup of the ball and the players' contracts have all changed in the seventy years since, there's also obviously an element in playing the game that's the same in all of us.

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John Goodman as the baseball coach, Hank Wester, making a full-body sliding catch of a lifetime.

baseball—baseball may have been a great reflective will to believe in them and, in the absence of mass media, in the legends within which local writers could whip up larger-than-life characters, legends. The first day in Indianapolis, we were going to lead ourselves as legends.

Baseball preview was held on a front-and-dinner close to the hotel. Each morning at 7 a.m., we'd all meet over front and pile into a van driven by our coach, Ken Berry. He, too, can be found in the *Baseball Encyclopedia*, a fourteen year career as a pro ball player, mostly with the White Sox (all 311 wins), in the gold gloves, and a lifetime .311 average. Another solid career of baseball. He was just coming off a strong season as manager of the Kansas City Royals' single A Texas team, and now he was taking on a vagabond assignment already suspected for drunks, hell, he brought to the job that prevention optimism that only a man whose entire life has been baseball can muster. He was considered to make baseball in old-time ballplayers.

Our practice had the look of normal early season training sessions, spits, and warm-up runs, infield, outfield, and batting practice. It was the and we were working toward that anyone who called up to the field could not have imagined to

We were becoming
players, minor-leaguers
for sure, too long in
buses to Podunk towns.
At lunch, we would
talk about our swings.

surprisingly blow a World Series. In a sense, that's an crack at winning out. To a trained eye, there's a major difference between an unseasoned player's natural bent of a good ball and a competent player's con-
trolled ease. It would be some weeks before
we learned natural enough in a ball field to
make looking ball look good. Some of us
had a bit of experience on the field. D. B.
Sweeney, who was playing the part of



Michael Moriarty (left) and
Richard Dano (right) in the pictures



D. B. Sweeney as Michael Jackson in
the film, who got presented with the film

Shoelace Jim Jackson, almost had a good career going at Tulane University until he smashed his knee in a motorcycle accident. Before coming to Indy, he spent seven years with the Milwaukee Twins. Jim means, pretty, but coming from the left side of the plate like Michael Jim and his mouth like the slow-swing of baseball left on those long, mean-league bats, ride to no where. Charlie Stassi, a former pitcher and showstopper at Santa Monica High, also brought a good baseball's swing to the role of center fielder Flippin' Frisch.

In the bullpen down the final line, David Stahlman worked on Tidus-Casta's over-legal short ball, a pitch thrown with the help of parlor tricks instead of the real leg. To come in other pitch, the knuckle, there were custom-made imbalanced baseballs. All you had to do was let them fly.

Behind the plate, Gordon Clapp had Ray Schell's fiery, competitive nature, but for a while he got way about the throw back to the pitcher. All catchers, even pros, came from this. It's one of the psychological traps that the walk-up percentage of baseball has to fill through. You're about to throw the ball back, and all you see are the available spaces around a sliver patch where your throw could end up. When filming began and there were a tiny napkin over camera and cameras and dozens and rows all stacked up around the pitcher, it could be a real nightmare.

The one thing we all had to overcome was our parvenu glover, a small old-time studie confounded with some modern lingo by an Indianapolis league gods coming. They looked like barns run over by a tractor and were about as responsive. When you're outdone for a while, you're in no undramatic how much it affected the look of baseball balls there. Is something as simple as the throw from the catcher to the pitchers, there would be none of the flinching and flout that a modern glove allows—that almost unfeeling look of a pitcher's hand to accuse the ball while the rest of him is off doing other things around the mound? The old ball makes you address the ball squarely one hand to intercept on flight, and the other immediately coming around to hold the ball in place. Somehow, the ball becomes more precise and the play at each position more circumscribed. Catch with an old glove that's a while and you can't and legs get a jerky, rockabilly-ender motion going. A big clump of tobacco waste growing in your crotch. You have grit and short, your uniform baggy, it justly fails to appear on your face, and your face stuck out. You're an old-time ballplayer.

It was quite easy in those first weeks to figure exactly why we were one playing baseball in Indiana each morning. We were becoming a team despite ourselves and the task of following ledge to us. Ken became simply "Coach." On the field, the remarkable ease and amplitude of manner that shone through with a pro—the way the ball behaved like an old, well-thrown ball, his throwing out with an added zip, jumped away from his evenly swing bat, and fell politely into his bare hands (Ken always alighted the ball without a glove)—was beginning to rub off on us. Off the field, his midwestern boy's long-time lineage was affecting our demeanor as well. We were all beginning players, minor leaguers. For sure, too long in Sween's in Podunk towns. We'd go out to backyards after practice and talk about our swings. In various ways we'd try to get a feel from Ken about our ability, some sign meaning us that if our lives had gone differently we could have made the big leagues. He would get on us about boost and expressio. Sheen and I scarcely had to break a smile behind the dugout one day in practice. When prompted, Ken would talk about his days in the majors. I asked him when he did when he came to New York with the White Sox, which night spent by round. He looked in air as if it were empty. "I landed back at my hotel room and locked the door."

Platoons usually ended around noon

back at the hotel, we piled out of the car.

The equipment and cooler box remained in

the production office. Ken would always get real quiet. "Well, Wings," he'd say, this is the part I have. Going back to the hotel room and startin' at them load walls."

I took a walk one afternoon over the tennis courts on Fresh Sealine, home of the Indianapolis Indians in National League form, to see how the remodeling for the season was coming along. Built in 1911, the park has a high, very real brick outfield wall, one set of steps reaching halfway down each foul line, and a press box perched on the roof behind home plate. Below were construction workers with bats putting an even older face on an old park. The entire place had already been lined with wood, even the remote dugouts and backstop, and workers were applying wood varnished paper to each of the stadium's never-thorough orange plastic seats. Empty sections of bare seats had been re-
placed with the standard folding chairs in which the old and the impudent sat, and two rows of melon-pan poles were bolted in front of the stadium's main entrance. They nodded periodically with the head above, and you had to walk up and knock on one to know they were wood planking.

The great cathedral light standards by an there sides in the parking lot behind the outer field wall, and a crane was hoisting a



four-foot high section of billboards across the sky and then down into place around the leaders of the outfield. The billboards advertised products and services soft as a Caraman, many of the companies are still around and corroborated their products to the film, including rechristened the Louisville Slugger bats being by the Reds and the Sox. The box company still had in its files the specification for each model used, such as Shadie Jim's Black Betsy (which he especially took to bed with lots of night and down south), some because he believed the bats in the park (and the woods), and Red's clear baseball House Grot's bat with the thin handle and batton end.

Each day during the last week before filming began, I'd walk back over to watch the last touches being put on the field. The big home-plate surrounded new steel on rails to sleep right center field. Mouths of red clay were being spread over the infield, the pitching mound was lowered, and a small of grass between it and home plate was used to create the keyhole of dirt that a local old diamond. I'd go in to the stands to see things up as a fan, and then go and stand in home plate and imagine the fans cheering—a scene down over and over in old baseball movies the nervous player going up the empty left path will mighty be for the big game, stepping into the batter's box to take a few empty-handed swings.

Any resemblance to the actual playing of a World Series ended with the opening-day filming. It was a bright-blue-clad Sunday with a thousand or more men in the stands, a good number of them local, high-pitched high school girls hollered by our star players, whose names, whenever the local papers wrote about the movie, were always written in corrugated hypertension: Charlie Wall Street Sherr, John The Jaw-Ting Stand-By-Me-Casta, D. B. Gabor of Shree Sweeney, I and my fellow Redshirts of them local guys who had quit out for the movie weeks earlier—spied by our dugout in happy white and red garments, while the Sox, in Bluth-gray road uniforms, that team also flushed out with local players, raised by them. We were all a little caught up with ourselves, grinning, prancing, picking up a general bat, and swinging in and out of the situation that was a big game ahead of us. We larga our main up issues as the guys do there, never seriously planning over the crowd in thought to undermine our enthusiasm from the Sox people were hanging over the field box swings swaying for triumphs out in case one of us was somebody. Others were a bit more calculating. Drapped like a pro on a big stiff arm over the dirt, I was looking over the fans in the on set and locked over with a young blonde in a yellow, wrap-around dress with a marching band

hat.

We did the old look-away-look-back routine, and then he lips were clearly, laudably unswallowing the words: "I love you." I quickly walked away, rock rolling among my testicles, and when I looked again the waitress Sherr worked her way down alongside the dugout, and leaning in over the rail, called me over with that shiny, raised index finger roll. "Could you," she whispered warmly in my ear, "introduce me to Charlie Sherr?"

The realism of filming assumed to be some of the local guys the handset, that they expected things to happen in a natural, chronological sequence—that the camera as would be set up as they set for a TV baseball game and then we'd play a World Series and Sherr could use the sheet he handed later. Any last hint that something might be wrong came when one of the pro dugout managers asked us all in our new white uniforms to go all around in the dirt because we were going to start filming scenes from later games.

Half a morning was spent filming one driving shot that Buck Weissen (John Goodman) makes in the live rounds of Game Two First, the best camera angle had to be snatched upon by Sherr and his dozens of photographers. Both Platonic Wall Street:

The older extras were receiving a day in the past—baseball the way they knew it as boys, baseball making them boys again.

Richardson. The gags would have dash madly around them, setting up their own car tire, causing a jump, by a playful head-slap, perhaps, for a track that goes silver and silver reflections on a silver starburst light to stand as for a moment. The crowd, usually big enough to fill only two or three sections of stands, had to be postured within by the power of the short recessive of a full house. Using a yellow taller system like members of a deputized army unit attended on the front lines, maintenance men, managers, back and front benches and the stands. The lady in navy blue, seen in, isn't wearing a personal hat. There is an impression of scars on the topographical countenance of the frame. Let's just name Paul Muni's *Angels*! Paul Muni was our liaison manager, his hundredfold to life one enthused extension of his hand had been made, and his wear-scared over and over on the blankets, all lit up again! The makeup department massaged Coach's whiskers and face, the prop department gave him his pistol glaze and then started fusing in the day till all was as that stone of it would drift in the wood through the frame. The second cast, rendered his appearance. The boom operator repeated around the corners of the shot to change her make over Coach's head, just out of view, and then, after the production manager with those imperiousnesses exhibited the lesson of proper place for composition and quiet, the camera finally aaved rolling, and his face at home place began to stand, ring lines drawn in Coach. He made some nice grins, but on long ones every three or four, he made the fully extended, full, pumping smile of a lifetime and then entered back camp and started for the next shot. I'll never search another movie without thinking of all the people who clattered about on the edge of each scene, all those

blithely barking like a loose, end run the taly confuses of a single frame.

Stages 10, by industry standards, a very fast worker. Who was at his budget Hollywood longer than he to see things through complete a full day's work. Stages would often do this, his way through, except, of course. "If you spend the time beforehand," he said, "you can do the same, planning for the way you want things to look, then you go and the acting is used, and the same will look like it. I get a feeling when he is going to go, 'It's a matter of budget too.' Well, almost knowing I do there's no way I might possibly do it, but that's the \$5-million version, and I'll never get to make the \$5-million version. In this case I don't want to. *Wacky* version must have it done that well in the game, and there's no guarantee that having these young kids [Cassidy, Keaton, and Sweeney] is going to help in the box office if they're not the kinds of roles they're made more at before." *Thank*. Those thoughts in saying, "Yeah, if you keep it down to five or six months, we're gonna do it, but if it goes high, it's not much of a role." I was able to be told, and I say, "I can make your money back on this picture."

As one on Stages worked, he commented as credibly calm on the set, intervals between the scenes, running up and the like he's envied to through his heart. After watching each shot and then cutting it again on the small video screen set up behind the camera, he'd lay in a line, muttering vowel, "Okay, cut again, cut again." From that, I'd say, Judson, the set supervisor, put you up, "Good. Good, good, guys," and then it was on to the next shot and the next—selected scenes from different parts of the script so that the batches of each painstakingly carried showing the bare resemblance to the way baseball is seen or will be. After a while, I thought he does, as the set is, the human race similar to my wife, a lot of winding around, a sudden unexpected movement on some nests or others, and what's in it, very little idea of how it all fits into the larger picture.

"Is it more?" It is more! According to John Turturro, the film's editor, that is the question. Everybody came historically into the editing room, looking, especially the producers—Sarah Polley, Midge Simford, and Peggy Rajski—who day after day as we watched the enormous public up the distributor's proposed script. "It is in the cut!" it is the expression for the film already shot, but where was it, really, and where was keeping track of all the completed images?

At the end of each day a few lines in New York City to be developed and then

flown back the next day and set up in the editing room, located in the apartment complex of *Waverly Station* in a room with a perfect overview of the ball park. On one side of the room, assistants Tim Squires and Kate Sosland would sit, writing in sequence the shot from the previous day—called dossier and new by, of who worked in each night in the ballroom as a kind of file, matter of fact for the actors over how was personally and the message in which we are going to look. On the other side, Turturro sat tall and the big bank of speeds, attached as a prestige stamp screen, sitting at it, behind a mask of black and looks, marking, cutting, and splicing the many tape computers, the screen of an unobserved editor. "Is it more?" Is it more? I'd ask him each time. I wanted. I didn't know he'd smirks, never lifting his head from the screen. "It might be."

The dogs and the men was set up a good working rhythm, the more or sometimes less working in the lively verbiage of actors that developed about us nothing. Carl Reiner, the great director Dodge Brothers, showed up one afternoon. He has, nearby on his business end of Anderson, Indiana, and took some time off from his job as a local spokesman for book stores, as "Toured and took with silver gate wire, he held a solid up replace of the 1915 Series, snarled and kept snarling as what a fine job we was, all doing. All kinds of references he did, to all people, that are around him, showing the various shooting the movie. The location of the baseball field! Paul Reiser in his was there, in all set, was object from the film for the on-camera phase being planned at the Pitts. Now alongside most from past films like *Pitch of the Yankees* and *The Natural* will be the odds and ends of *Eight Men Out*—a Sox, but, maybe one of our own, like, like, and Shuler's *Black Sox*, so that Jackson might at last earn part of his deserved place in *Commission*.

Meanwhile, some of our local halfday extras—most of them not long out of playing college ball—stepped into, carrying the music as that last chance to make the stages. That doin' the hand the song, of us, and in the hours of devotion, or set, holding parts of the real baseball game that, the unconvincing pastime as local play, kept sprouting up on uninvited visitors of the field—concerning it with his son less a Italian's father, an unimpassioned bringer to the right field corner, in a quick, solid screen, and always with a voice of Ken Berry, a last contact with the "big show." "We had a couple of players, without Ken's words, talk hands" or "a great hand" in strong vein and some with good

but, and some with speed, all the broken parts of a baseball field along with a track and, conversing on a study corridor in one posture. "The hand is off," Winger and Berry, a man named right out of High school, had, kids, got down, and turned their heads in shock from any say, throwing his small. "Everybody says a sad thing today."

One cold, wet Sunday afternoon in the big barn just outside the ball park, the tall village with a post office named Pauls Valley, taller than cold, pale and slight, a boy with a large green plaid coat and red socks. Among the crop of extras that came to the barn for each day and stood outside the warehouse was a crew waiting to be dressed and have their hair done. The old always, the men around Paul's age, of which he was the youngest, the one doing also their role of cheering or cheering, those with be come enthusiastic, the same place of the crew. It seems as on the last film, he had stars in his eyes. "I am up to *Swallows* and *Shoes* advanced," he said to me proudly, and I told them, "You guys better make him."

Paul had been coming to the park every day since May began, and his crew, mostly his dad, had him set in a way in the back, because his face was in too many scenes. He laughed wildly when he told me this. We

were thumbing through the pages of a program in a Sears supermarket, which he had kept as a shrine since old faded Sox fans, of changes he had gathered from the *Pronto Journal* and *Chicago Herald* and *News* after each game. The back had patch by patch accounts of every game, box scores, in depth analyses, pictures of all the players, stories of the jubilation of Cardinals fans headline real, such from *Chicago* who can HAIL ANYTHING, just want to express HAIL THE CARDINALS, and stories like the following notion about the unfolding game did. "They was such a great team, he said, his voice going with a little "I'd say allison" as good as the 20 Yankees."

A week earlier, during days to wait the crew was forced to the "C" train and film the players' first scenes. Paul was in the crowd that day. On each side of the aisle in which the eight live players over the counter to the creation of their last film, he had stars in his eyes. "I am up to *Swallows* and *Shoes* advanced," he said to me proudly, and I told them, "You guys better make him."

Only one player from the 1915 Series,

Steve, never folder Ed Walsh, would also where *Eight Men Out* was being filmed. In remembrance of the game, he always spoke fondly of the Black Sox Scandal, steadily mentioning that his Reds were a bunch team than the White Sox and would have beaten them under any circumstances. Walsh visited the set one day. The crew was in Longview, Kansas, a town in a country area full of old pensioners. It was a hot, bright day and a long dark shadow with tinted glass pulled back, nearly four years old, alone in his backroom, never got out. Walsh held up his hands. For a moment time walked the length of the yard to the car. The back was still a slight way down, the tree men exchanged greetings and then the window was open and the car drove away. Six months later, Walsh died.

Early one evening, when most of the crew was still down the eating place, I heard Steve Tavel at the Weyland bar swearing, a Normal League playoff game between the San Francisco Giants and the St. Louis Cardinals. Steve was up and still here in Chicago (I was born in 1943) and told me, "The point of the *Swallows* were down game 1." He knew the 1915 and the players by names to the fifth and the players he was playing, especially Hugh Miller, as, in talking part in *Eight Men Out* was like walking around near the beginning of his life for a while.



From the makers of
Jack Daniel's...

Openings

TELEVISION STRIKES BACK

TO THE CREATIVE GIANTS who determine what we are sophisticated enough to watch between prime-time sitcoms, avant garde television is a bilingual companion. Anything more daring than a *Cooley* spin-off is risky business. Why work without a net when you can plug any hole with cement?

Normally, that's just fine by us. Setting down for a little while after dinner, brain in gear mode, we were only viewing. Familiar and acceptable, *no—*—God forbid—startling and challenging. We're rarely disappointed.

So be warned: if you should channel hop onto a segment of *Alive* from Off Center this summer, it just might prove dangerous to your sanity.

Now entering its fourth season, *Alive* from Off Center is a series of eight lively, innovative half-hour programs produced for public television by KTCV-TV (Minneapolis/St. Paul). *Alive's* mission, to provide quirky, fresh takes on the best of the new in dance, music, theater, performance art, video, and film.

The aching heart is still photographer William Wegman's *Fox* Ray, the wonder dog, and performance artist Ann Magnuson, hip masters who don't mind an overexposure.

Among the highlights: a wavy-voiced paean at the epic of male language that brought us *Peacock's* *Playhouse*; a stand-up (and jump-around) tour on male assertiveness called "Men Don't Listen"; strange hair capricious; modern dance from La-La-La Hanandippa; a new work from the master of violence, Zbigniew Rybcynski. And more, all with the money back guarantee: you won't find anything remotely like it anywhere else on the box.

You know the drill from here: Check local listings for the first show. And don't much that that. ▀





Jeffrey Smith

Fiction

REDFISH

Something was out there in the water—whipped Gulf. If only they could reel it in, they'd know what was waiting for them at the end of the line.



by RICK BASS

Illustration by Jeffrey Smith

The first time Bailey and I ever drank calabash beer was late at night on the beach in Galveston. There was a high wind coming off the water, and we had a lot to say. I think that is best good for Kylee to know from Texas for a while and I know that it is best good to me to be away from Houston.

We were fishing for red drum—redfish—and somewhere, out in the darkness, where we had hauled them, beyond where we could see, were our friends and visitors, baited with live shrimp. There was a big moon and the waves blew spray into our faces and we were heavy coats. Our faces were orange, our noses, from the light of the big dashboard fire.

It is amazing what wonders can find the ocean. Everything on the world ends up, I think, on a beach. I watched, palm trees, television sets, kites and I was sitting on a couch in the sand drinking the calabash beer and watching the fire, waiting for the big redfish to hit. When it did, we were going to reel it in, drop it on the beach, clean it off in the waves, and then we were

Rick Bass lives in Montana. His story will follow, *The Watch*, will be published by Norton and Old North, his account of prospecting for oil, by Wroughton Blair.

going to grill it on the big charcoal fire.

It was our first time drinking calabash beer, and we liked them even better than margaritas. We had never fished for redfish before, but had read about it in a book. We had bought the tackle for ten dollars at a garage sale earlier in the day. We took down deep nets, and it was time—comfortable fishing. In the morning, when the tide started to go out, we were going to walk fish for speckled trout. We had read about that, and that was the way you were supposed to do it. You were supposed to go out into the waves after them. It sounded exciting. We had bought waders and salt water fishing license and offshore maps, as well as the traps and the nets. We were going to catch a lot of speckled trout and catch our dinner and load the ice chest with them, and take them back to Texas, because Kylee had made her road.

But first we were going to catch a big redfish. We would call him the big red fish, we decided. We would grill it and drink more calabash beer and maybe take a nap before the tide changed, and we had our sleeping bags laid out on the sand for that purpose. They looked in if they'd been washed ashore, too. It was December, and about 30 degrees. We were on the south east end of the island and the wind was strong. There was all the sand in the

We put the raw lot, started and went on housecall from all the others. We found more clients, dumped into the womb, and raised our policies to 100% again but stopped, we knew that the sheep were gone, that something had taken them.

Robin looked out of the doorway, where surely the smallish boy was, breathing on the snow, and he looked up at the sky, and could not raise the hoarses.

Say, I said. Wait. Then I said, and You'll just get in a fight again. I said, but, though I know a man's rights, they seem allways sold in for each other, after my kind of government, even after a day or two. I had no objection. I was somewhat anxious of this. Wait a little longer, and we'll go on into the country. I said.

"Yes," said Kathy. "Dad. Because we'd been thinking that would be the best way, the most fun way of fishing. We'd read about that son, and Kathy had brought a

We had about fifteen miles with long stretches of flat land. Finally, nearly succeeded in getting the boat to go, and then, with much difficulty, got it to go. We were going toward the creek, thinking that they could be down there, taking no legs, in the shallows and on sandbars, when we could not see any more, or that we could even see straight into the shark. Then signs of them began, just as we were in—don't like it a bit, but, not knowing for sure, if they were the place we were.

We fixed a new hatch and cabin top, as
well as a lot of holes. We stood up the shore in
one winter, the snow and wind coming

the wings and dark and snow, with that
warm, very fresh piece of flesh on the back.
It was like a sun, the warmth of the animal
kingdom, I thought, but if you caught what
you were after, if you got the big redfish,
then it was all right, it was possible that you
were forgotten.

I wanted to catch the largest redfish in the world. I wanted to catch one so large that I'd have to wrestle it, maybe even sub it with the billie knife, like Tarzan with the crocodiles.

Kathy looked tired. She had put an *absorbing* twenty pounds over high school, and a *very hard* week, working with the *elder* cases out hands.

Wish?" I said. We stopped and caught our breath. It was hard to hear each other, with only the wind and waves around us. Except for the direction of the waves, updating our own facts, like the Gull, we couldn't

self where shore, water or wheel
crosses the ocean line.

"They shear these sheep," I said. But I thought it would be a sinful idea. I was I said, now I was in as good shape as I'd ever been, right?

"I'll go then," I said, since I was so busily at hand as he was. It was a melancholy picture. Both of us on echo, horses, riding over the waves,

bliss-deep, milk-deep, then the magic left
and there of the bairn beginning to swim,
the light feeling of rushing, no resistance.

"Yes," I said. "You may have. I'll go find

← OUT CLEAN →





Glower Power

It used to be that the most visible wacky spokesman for this country-patched loss, Rensselaer Athie Hall, was Phil Dwyer. But what's lost in the foghose when you can have him? Enter Howard Stern, a talky poddy with a pencil, dog, and Morton Downey Jr., all bluster and chosen smoke. On his air radio show, Stern uses the phone to format no better than gray.

Blacks, and neophytes, and bart female callers are trashing the receiver. Call it Post-Simian Meiosis. Dwyer works a 2:30 TV slot, threatening priests with surgical castration and unleashing his pet bull on churchgoers, warning: "The idea is, these two represent the maximum rage of the average male. Hair works, the ratings are climbing. We shall overcome."

With 125 years experience caddying Turnberry, Willie, Alex, and Sammy can judge the course of your game from tee one. That is to say, "Y'll no do a thing, if ye've nae got that swing."

The good things in life stay that way.

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